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WITH ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES



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Three centuries ago, on the 12th of May, there died in London, where he had long lived in dignified obscurity, the poet-dramatist, George Chapman.

Are there many in whom that announcement arouses any sensitive thrill? I doubt it. Even at the time of his death he passed out of the public eye, and indeed he had never been conspicuously in it. Certainly some of his plays had for a time been popular, even to an extent which may surprise us, but he had never been a figure to impress the crowd. In old age he had the esteem of his equals—but they were few of however rare quality—and the reverence of some of the more brilliant younger men. But that was all. It was a position not unlike that of a figure somewhat akin, Landor, in his old age in Florence and even still to-day.

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Yet Chapman has always been a great and memorable figure. He is indeed a typical Englishman. Even the fact that, notwithstanding the fine dramatic qualities he reveals at moments, it may be said of him that "he never learnt to think in any character but his own", adds to the interest he is able to arouse. He lived in an age of great poets, he was himself one of them, but while they were mostly dramatists, it was never easy for him to enter that medium; he remained himself. And it so happened that that self was one of peculiarly pronounced individuality. He spoke from a central core of flame, not unmixed with smoke, and always with the air of a Samson, even if at times a triumphant Samson, seeking to burst the bonds that limit his self-expression. It was a temperament always naturally in conflict with the environment. So it is that he so often appears before us with a revolutionary gesture, the only great poet of his day of whom this can be said after the death of Marlowe, with whom he so naturally associated himself, notwithstanding the lower place which as poet and artist he must take beside that resplendent figure.

To realise Chapman's personality is to understand the fascination by which he has drawn so many fine spirits. Coleridge could not fail to be attracted to him, and held not only that he had transformed Homer into "an English heroic poem, as truly an original poem as the *Faery Queene*", but that in some respects he excelled Ben Jonson—"more dignity, more lustre, and equal strength"—and recalled

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Milton. Lamb said that, putting aside the purely dramatic, "Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare". The sonnet of Keats might alone have immortalised Chapman, and it applies to more of his work than his *Homer*. Shelley chose famous words of Chapman's as the motto of his great poem of revolt. We see self-conscious in Chapman the spirit of those audacious adventurers whom England in his day and later scattered over the world, and it is natural that in America Chapman of all English poets should have been looked up to as the champion of that individualism which was for so long the American ethical ideal. Emerson delighted in him. Lowell wrote extravagantly: "He has kindled enthusiasm such as no other poet since Shakespeare has kindled". An American, Dr Parrott, has produced by far the finest and most scholarly edition of Chapman's plays. It was an American also, Acheson—followed by some others—who first sought to find Chapman's hand in the Shakespearian canon, and believed also that Shakespeare himself had a "Chapmanesque" period. It is again from America that in recent years an entirely new page in the criticism of Chapman has been turned. Professor Franck Schoell, then of the University of California, in his *Étude sur l'Humanisme Continental en Angleterre* (1926) has produced a work of fine scholarship, not only fascinating in itself but almost revolutionary by the way in which it brings Chapman's alleged "obscurity" into the scholarly light of day.

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To return to nineteenth-century England, Swinburne wrote excessively of the Elizabethan dramatists, but when he came to Chapman he held the critical balance more firmly; his lengthy essay, prefixed to the first fairly complete edition of Chapman's works, is a weighty and discriminating piece of work, perhaps the most eloquent tribute ever paid to Chapman. If we approach a very different kind of authority, pedestrianly solid and judicial, we find an equal appreciation; Sir A. W. Ward, in his standard history of English dramatic literature, dwelt fully and sympathetically with Chapman. I was privileged to know the two pioneer scholars in the presentation of the Elizabethans half a century ago. Of these Grosart had proposed to publish Chapman if Shepherd's edition had not appeared. The other, A. H. Bullen, was a warm admirer of Chapman; I still recall a day's ramble around Dorking with Bullen accompanied by his little daughter, and my delighted astonishment at the enthusiasm and facility with which he declaimed long passages from Chapman's plays. At that time I was editing the Mermaid Series of English Dramatists and specially wished to do full justice to Chapman whom I had reserved to myself to introduce and to Dr Brinsley Nicholson for preparation of the text. But the series was taken out of my hands, and when, some years later, Nicholson died, his literary executor was unable to trace the text he had so carefully collated.

In the present century, in the eyes of the few at all

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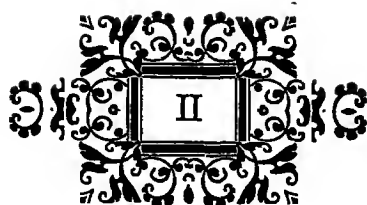
events, Chapman's star has increased in magnitude. Wyndham Lewis would place him next after Shakespeare. J. M. Robertson, in his copious writings on the subject, not only made much of Chapman's "magnetic" qualities of power and fire, but sought more boldly than any before to thrust Chapman into the Shakespearian canon, though his daring zeal in new attributions has found no devoted following.

Still more recently Dr Janet Spens approached the study of Chapman, and sought to reveal him afresh in his wider ethical and philosophical bearing. As she views the matter, the Elizabethan age was a transition between that "anonymity of soul" which prevailed previously and the full individuality achieved in the seventeenth century.

The Elizabethan age was at the crossways and that is expressed by the impulse to find expression in dramatic forms which presented various conflicting tendencies. Chapman is essentially of his age, and that is the reason, with his obscurity—Janet Spens well remarks on his overlooked kinship to Donne—why he has been unduly neglected. But in recent times Donne has come into his own. His significance is understood. It seems time that Chapman also should be recognised as a fit interpreter to us of the inner life of his time. The very fact that his genius was not dramatic, but so intimately personal, adds to his significance. The more clearly the Elizabethan age stands out as the greatest age of England the more we are called upon to contemplate Chapman.

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If the Elizabethan age was thus an age of transition, Chapman was a representative of the transition in an even more pronounced shape than Dr Janet Spens claims. He embodied its soul by presenting its two conflicting aspects, not in harmony—as we might say they are presented by Shakespeare—but in the most striking conflict. On the one hand was the blustering energy of an age that was receding; on the other all the pioneering and searching intellectual activity, the philosophic ethical attitude, of an age that was scarcely yet born. If in Chapman's youth the reckless and dare-devil English adventurers were still flourishing and he was a grown man at the triumph of the Spanish Armada, during his lifetime were born all those seventeenth-century "men of latitude" who developed the refinements of thought amid which we to-day still live. So that if it is true, as Swinburne remarked, that absence of "barbarism and bombast" is almost a proof against Chapman's authorship of a play—though we may also recall what Coleridge said of his "unexampled sweetness and beauty of language"—he yet also presents subtleties of thought and daring or paradoxical ethical speculations, often indeed eclectically gathered from Continental humanists, which anticipated the spirit of a later age.



George Chapman was born at Hitchin, probably about 1559. The history of his native town has in recent years been thoroughly explored by Mr Reginald Hine who has also devoted a volume to the lives of its more distinguished sons.* He finds that George Chapman's father was Thomas Chapman, yeoman, who made his will in 1581. The house belonging to the family is that traditionally known as Western House (35, Tilehouse Street) and now partly rebuilt. The schoolhouse was nearly opposite.

A yeoman in those days was often a man of substance and position. George Chapman was through most of his life far from being a man of substance, but he seems generally to have been regarded as a man of some position; he could put "Gentleman" after his name; even in a begging petition he protested against being classed with "sniperados" like tailors and shoemakers, and (as Schelling has pointed out) Henslowe always respectfully referred to him as "Master" while Jonson is only "Benjamin". But I suspect that Chapman was not the sort of man whom it was easy to think of familiarly, like "Will" or "Ben".

* R. L. Hine, *Hitchin Worthies*, 1932.

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We know nothing of his childhood, save that he had an elder brother and three sisters, and that his mother, Joan, died when he was seven. He was sent to the University, both to Oxford and to Cambridge; it is usually supposed first to Oxford where, says Wood, "he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree there". If he seemed to have no disposition for philosophy at Oxford, that may merely mean that it was the philosophy there taught which failed to appeal to him. It is certain that, sooner or later, he acquired a strong taste for a philosophy and ethics of his own choice.

It is said that on leaving the University he went to London. The indications are, however, that he had settled in his father's home at Hitchin. Hine accepts the local tradition which certainly seems probable—whether or not Shakespeare made fun of him as Holofernes—that he became at once a master in the school there, at first under John Hall and then as his successor.

He wrote nothing, so far as we know, in all these early years. He had still written nothing when, at the age of about thirty, he lost his father. Hine has found the will of Thomas Chapman as proved at Somerset House in 1589. He left to his son George £100 and two silver spoons. The three married daughters have £10 each with two silver spoons. The eldest son, Thomas, is to have the house, and if Thomas dies without issue it is to go to George who (when the

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will was made some eight years earlier) must have been living at home, since no reference is made to his place of abode. Perhaps, Hine suggests, on receiving his legacy he gave up teaching and came to live in London. This, I may add, would bring him to the city just about the time of production of *The Jew of Malta*, precisely the play which in method and style may have furnished the Marlowesque inspiration for Chapman's early plays.

It was not till 1594, when he was about thirty-five years of age, that he published his first poem, *The Shadow of Night*. Here we find, as indeed we might now expect, all his personal traits clearly marked. The very title is a characteristic challenge. The Elizabethans held night in horror. Their thoughts were of day and the sun and all the activities these prompted. Shakespeare is typical in expressing the terror of darkness. But Chapman delighted to glorify night.* We feel that for him night symbolised the things he held most precious, and his own intimate nature was best fostered

*when glow-worm like doth shine
In nights of sorrow this hid soul of mine.*

In magnifying night he was defending his own quality of obscurity. He defends himself more definitely

* Dr Janet Spens, so sensitive to Chapman's attitude, had already pointed out that while for most Elizabethans night was the symbol of evil, for Chapman night is the day of the soul, and day burns up all sacred things.

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against the charge next year by declaring that "rich minerals are digged out of the bowels of the earth". The multitude may not agree. But—"The profane multitude I hate".

The Shadow of Night is extravagantly fantastic as well as obscure and, as Schoell has now demonstrated, it owes much of these qualities to borrowings from the *Explications* of Natali Conti. Yet it contains many passages showing the massive energy and momentum characteristic of Chapman's verse, while the dedication reveals his characteristic temper. Here he refers contemptuously to those "passion-driven men reading but to curtail a tedious hour", who yet "take upon them as killing censures as if they were Judgment's butchers, or as if the life of Truth lay tottering in their verdicts. Now what a supererogation of wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching". He concludes in his familiar attitude: "I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myself if but a few, if one, or if none like it".

Yet, however inconsistently, Chapman represented not merely a deliberate search for obscure "metaphysical" symbolism, but a more than ordinary Elizabethan love of heroism and adventure. He even over-compensates his tendency to solemn and searching thought in the night hours by what may well seem to some an extravagantly idolising attitude before every great deed of heroism and adventure in

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the daylight. This side of him, too, becomes manifest in this first poem, *The Shadow of Night*. Marlowe, to whom Chapman by native instinct had come nearer than had any of the youthful poets his contemporaries, had the same passionate love for great human or superhuman achievement, which he gratified by dwelling on extravagantly vast figures of romance, a Tamburlane or a Faustus. But it is an actual hero of his own time and country, Sir Francis Vere, whom Chapman feels called upon to celebrate in verse. In the second part of this poem he describes with much minuteness an incident in Vere's campaign in the Netherlands.

That raises the debated question: Where was young Chapman during all the years that had passed since he left the University? They were memorable and agitated years when the eyes of Englishmen were fixed abroad, when the fate of England hung in the balance under the sword of Spain. Did Chapman, after the example of his like-minded young friend Ben Jonson, "trail a pike" in the Netherlands and so, incidentally, acquire that interest in contemporary French affairs which distinguishes him from all his dramatic fellows?

Granting that for part of the time he was teaching boys at Hitchin in the town school, and acquiring his own rather pedantic but not exact or profound scholarship, was he there all the time? When we look at the eager face of the portrait prefixed to his *Homer* and bear in mind his almost passionate interest

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in the wars and adventures of those later Elizabethan days, we cannot but wonder whether he did not himself take some part in them. The passage in *The Shadow of Night* already referred to describes a sortie from "stately-sited sconce-torn Nimeguen" which was defeated by a stratagem of Sir Francis Vere's. Chapman's vivid account of this scene and his familiarity in the text and in an appended note with the topography of Nimeguen and that "most excellent river", the Waal, has led to the supposition that he was himself present, and nothing that we know of him makes such a supposition impossible. Of the Veres he speaks more than once with enthusiasm, and in his old age he wrote a passionate appeal to his countrymen to succour him whom he calls with solemn Elizabethan punning "this full spring of man, this Vere of Veres", Sir Horatio Vere, at that time "besieged and distressed in Mainheim":

*O England, let not thy old constant tie
To Virtue, and thy English valour lie
Balanced, like Fortune's faithless levity,
'Twixt two light wings.*

For my own part, in the absence of any external evidence, I am inclined to question the theory that Chapman served abroad or enjoyed the advantage of any foreign travel. His eager receptive mind, his constitutional temperament as a spiritual adventurer—together with the absorbed interest of all Englishmen of that day in foreign affairs—may suffice to account

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for everything we find in his work. Many Englishmen had gone abroad; he could not fail to have heard vivid narratives of their adventures, to say nothing of Jonson. He gloried in English adventure wherever it was displayed. His enthusiasm for English prowess in Guiana was as great as his fascination for French audacity, and we now know that it was to an English book that he owed nearly all his knowledge of contemporary France.

Wood's statement—setting down a report which we need not accept in strict detail and cannot confirm—that “he settled in the metropolis and became much admired by Edmund Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Wm. Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, etc.” throws but little light on his actual pursuits.* We may picture him during this period entering freely into the varied life of his time, mingling in London

* The most extensive contribution ever made to our knowledge of Chapman's life is contained in a MS. book which has been described and partly reproduced by Bertram Dobell in a series of articles published in the *Athenaeum*, March and April, 1901. This book contains twelve letters or documents certainly by Chapman, four or five more which are probably his, and Dobell plausibly concluded that all these are Chapman's own copies for reference. They belong, however, to the middle period of his life and throw no light on his early years. It would be interesting to know the history of the book, but Dobell said nothing on this point. Mr P. J. Dobell informs me that at a later period it was purchased for America and seems afterwards to have passed into the hands of Dr Rosenbach.

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with poets, soldiers, adventurers; tasting, sometimes in imagination, sometimes in reality, the joys and labours of their lives; and then, for a while, "hasting out of town", as he describes himself in the Dedication to *The Shadow of Night*, to his home at "fair Hitchin Hill", to bury himself in his Homer or his Seneca.

Evidently Chapman's first published poem called out natural complaints of its obscurity, for in the Dedication to his next poem, *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, published in the following year, Chapman observes rather querulously, "I know that empty and dark spirits will complain of palpable night". In *The Banquet of Sense*, which seems to have obtained some popularity, the shadows are certainly not so thick; it is a collection of rather frigid sensuous conceits with a few passages of beauty, as in the description of Corinna bathing and sitting on the bank singing to her lute, in which Chapman follows, afar off, the Renaissance manner of Marlowe and Greene.

A few years later Chapman testified to his love and admiration for Marlowe, and reached his chief excellence in this field, by completing the *Hero and Leander*. It was scarcely a happy thought—as though Browning undertook to complete Keats's *Hyperion*—yet the close contact of Marlowe seems to save Chapman from his besetting sins of obscurity and infelicity. He had something of Marlowe's delight in physical loveliness, though little of Marlowe's fine aesthetic feeling and quick perception; Chapman always reflects, deliberates, sets forth what he considers the ethical side

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of things. In the continuation of the *Hero and Leander* there is both beauty and gravity, and the two qualities are combined in a fairly harmonious way. Here Chapman was held in check by the need to live up so far as possible to the standard set by Marlowe. There was really more of himself in the earlier (1595) *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*. But perhaps the most characteristic of Chapman's early poems is that little "epic song" prefixed to the *Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana*, for Chapman's soul was always stirred by stories of the adventurers who were revealing the New World to the men of that generation.

*Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of stars,
Stands on her tip-toes at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast,*

and Chapman adjures Elizabeth to go forth and create a new golden world in South America. He was not the man to be attracted by the fabulous wealth and the luxuriance of the new country. He appeals to those

*That know you cannot be the Kings of earth,
Claiming the rights of your creation,
And let the mines of earth be kings of you.*

And at the end of his vigorous lines he pictures the palaces and temples of a "New Britannia", where the generous youth dance, and make love, producing a new and more vigorous race, and subordinating

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wealth to the needs of society. Chapman thus foresaw a future continent peopled from Great Britain, even though he placed it in the wrong quarter of the globe and estimated its moral possibilities a little too highly.

In 1598 was published Chapman's earliest extant play (produced two years earlier), *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, "most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceit and pleasure", although at this date, as we learn from Meres, he was already held in high esteem as a dramatist, both for tragedy and comedy. It is in blank verse, short and slight in the rough form in which it has come down to us, with some liveliness and much childish absurdity, the chief character successfully assuming in quick succession a variety of incongruous parts. But, throughout, we often feel curiously a charming echo of the music of Marlowe's lines. Marlowe's influence, also, may be traced in the conception of the hero's ambition. This comedy became very popular, and in the same year Chapman was engaged on a play called *The Will [or Ill] of a Woman*, of which nothing is known. In the following year he wrote another lost play called *The Fount of New Fashion*, and also received in advance forty shillings for a piece entitled *A Pastoral Tragedy*, not now in existence.

It was on being a poet that Chapman prided himself, he put all his excessive energy into his poetry, not always with happy results. It has often been

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pointed out that his genius was not dramatic, and might much rather be regarded as epic. His personality was too powerful to be easily moulded into dramatic shapes. Drama, however, was the popular art-form of the day, as the novel was in a later day, or to-day journalism. There was money in it, and Chapman became a dramatist as later he would have become a novelist or a journalist. But it was his poetry that remained dear to his heart, just as for Thomas Hardy, who began and ended as a poet, spending far more careful art on his poems than on the sometimes carelessly shaped novels. Chapman was the last man to undervalue his own work. But he speaks slightly of his comedies, even in their prefaces and prologues. In 1605, when he was doing his best work in this field, he prefixed to what some have regarded as the finest of them, *All Fools*, a dedicatory sonnet (afterwards apparently withdrawn*) to "My long loved and honourable friend Sir Thomas Walsingham", in which he calls this play "the least allowed birth of my shaken brain" and goes on to refer to himself as

*Being marked with age for aims of greater weights,
And drowned in dark, death-ushering melancholy,*

adding that he only prints the play lest others might do so. Incidentally these lines are of interest since

* There is something mysterious about this and it has been doubted whether the sonnet really belongs to *All Fools*.

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they seem to indicate, like much else, that Chapman was not without a streak of that melancholy and neurotic temperament which so often marks genius, to separate it from the crowd and to account for its contempt of the crowd. Melancholy, however, was hardly black for Chapman who loved darkness, and he remained physically robust, for it was not till thirty years later that the process of ushering in death was completed.

However strange it may seem, Chapman's comedies are all the better for the slight value placed on them. They escaped the tortured elaboration to which his poems were subjected, as well as the fine but often misplaced eloquence he put into his tragedies. In allowing himself to be reckless, almost burlesque, the pattern he fashioned might be extravagant or fantastic, but the verbal texture became simple and to the point, yet instinctively betraying the poet's touch. He even revealed a vein of humour, apart from preceding Jonson in the delineation of "humours". In 1599 was published *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, his first mainly prose comedy extant. It is less absurd than the previous play, and there have been traced in it influences both from Lyly and Jonson. But it comes to us in a corrupt shape, and is as careless as *The Blind Beggar*; both show a disregard of moral canons, surprising in so lofty and punctilious a moralist, but they are farcical in conception, and we may remember that, as Janet Spens says on Chapman's behalf, "farce is essentially immoral".

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In 1600 and the following year Chapman seems to have been dramatically active, but the results have been obscured. Two plays—*The Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son* and *Fatal Love, A French Tragedy*—were entered in the Stationers' Register in 1600; they both succumbed to the devastating hand of Warburton's cook, the most vituperated domestic servant in the history of English drama. There is another play, possibly by Chapman, coming down to us in manuscript among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, which would probably belong to about this date, and may, indeed, it is suggested, be *Fatal Love*. Bullen printed it in the third volume of his *Old English Plays*, calling it *The Distracted Emperor*, and Schoell in 1921 reprinted it more accurately at the Princeton University Press under the title of *Charlemagne*, with introduction and notes. The play has been tentatively ascribed to Marston and Tourneur and Dekker and Field, none of them closely akin to Chapman, but Bullen was finally in favour of Chapman's authorship, and Professor Schoell feels certain of it. There is much to be said for that attribution. At the outset we recognise the field of French history as Chapman's (it is only in much later days, though before the Nazis, that Karl the Great may also be claimed for the Germans). The sources of the play are traced by Schoell to books by Petrarch and Pasquier which Chapman is shown by his undoubted work to have known. The leading characters have points of contact with Chapman's Bussy and Byron

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and Clermont. Chapman often repeated himself, and the situation in *Charlemagne*, where a husband is so madly in love with his wife that he refuses to be parted from her corpse, is found again in *Monsieur d'Olive*. The women are as unattractive as Chapman's women so often tend to be. There is Chapman's reckless resort to soliloquy and epic simile. There are traces of the school of Marlowe out of which Chapman came. And very characteristic, it has been well pointed out, is the general attitude as of a great and rich mind floundering in an element he has not yet mastered, and carelessly writing down to the taste of the vulgar mob he disdained.

About 1601 was produced another play, *Sir Giles Goosecap*, also printed in Bullen's third volume, and by him regarded as so like Chapman that it must either have been his or by a close imitator. Dr Parrott adds good reasons for assigning it definitely to Chapman and has included it in his edition of the Comedies. A scene in the play bringing in a "Lady Furnifall", which appears to have been a personal satire, led to the censor's interference before publication. Later, in *The Gentleman Usher*, Chapman introduced the scene again, but evaded the censor by shifting it to Italy and rebaptising "Lady Furnifall" as "Corteza".

At this same fruitful period Chapman completed and received full payment in the sum of thirty shillings for the comedy first entitled *The World runs on Wheels* and published six years later as *All Fools*. This play has received high praise from various

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critics and especially aroused the enthusiasm of Swinburne as not only the first full proof of Chapman's "vigorous and masculine versatility, the force and freshness of his free and natural genius", fresh and radiant and joyous, but as "one of the most faultless examples of high comedy to be found in the whole rich field of our Elizabethan drama".

All Fools was certainly the work in which at the age of forty Chapman reached maturity as a dramatist. I confess that I do not regard it with all the enthusiasm felt by some critics; it has a certain strong flavour of Latin comedy—due to a largely Terentian origin—which reminds us that, although *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* had been written, Chapman was born before Shakespeare and still belonged in temper and taste to an earlier generation. Yet some critics, like William Archer, have gone to the other extreme in belittling this play. It is undoubtedly a work of much intellectual energy and robust humour, admirably constructed and well written throughout.*

* Dr Parrott pointed out, when the play was brought forward at Harvard in 1909, that it acted well (*The Nation*, New York, 22 April, 1909). "To my delight I found that tried by the standard of actual representation, by intelligent amateur actors, the play gave distinct pleasure to a mixed and highly critical audience.... The performance as a whole revealed in Chapman's play a vitality and breadth of comic power unrealised before." Parrott points out that the most effective scene on the stage, Valerio's mock repentance, is one for which Chapman found no hint in his sources.

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In 1605 appeared *Eastward Ho*, as by Chapman, Ben Jonson, and Marston. The authors of *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, of *Bartholomew Fair*, and of *The Dutch Courtezian* had something in common, and what they had in common met most happily here, while at the same time they neutralised each other's defects. It has even been acclaimed as a better play than any its authors wrote separately. As a realistic comedy, *Eastward Ho* certainly seems to me to give unqualified satisfaction. It is a delightful picture of Elizabethan life in Cheapside—painted with greater art than Middleton's broad and rollicking comedy of *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, and only second to Ben Jonson's vigorous picture of London life in *Bartholomew Fair*, with indeed a more notable skill in the characterisation of even the minor figures.*

Chapman's name came first among the three authors put on the front of *Eastward Ho* and it seems likely that he was the chief author. That was the opinion of Brinsley Nicholson who gave careful study to this play in collating the early editions, and

* *Eastward Ho* was revived at Drury Lane in 1751 under the title of *The Prentices* and in 1755 as *Old City Manners*, thus probably furnishing Hogarth with the idea for his *Idle and Industrious Apprentices*. Swinburne remarks that the playwrights "give proof of a gentler morality and a juster sense of justice than the great painter", and that we feel much more satisfaction in the promotion of "Master Deputy's Worship" than in the exaltation of Hogarth's Lord Mayor to sit in judgment on his luckless fellow.

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indeed was personally inclined to prefer this among Chapman's plays in spite of faults he found in it. He referred (in a private letter) to such forms as "*Actus primi scena prima*" as being according to Chapman's usage but not Jonson's, but he found Jonson's hand in the skit on Hamlet and Ophelia in the coach scene. Most authorities seem inclined to give the naming of characters and suggestions for the plot to Jonson, some polishing to Marston, and the bulk of the play to Chapman. I would myself find Chapman's presence clearly visible in the strain of Virginian adventure running through a city play and the eye to the expansion of England in the world. The proposed Virginian adventure ends, it is true, with shipwreck in the Thames and a drinking bout. Chapman is here deliberately fantastic in his vision of Virginia and its future for Englishmen, but the place of the English in the world was an idea near to Chapman's heart.

"A whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79"; declares Captain Seagull in the inn when he has called for drinks; "they have married with the Indians and make 'hem bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet."

"But is there such treasure there, Captain, as I have heard?"

"I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as I can

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bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans and their chamber pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'hem by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coats. . . . And there you shall live freely, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on 't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there, for we are all one countryman now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here."

The conclusion of this passage, speedily cancelled and only found in a few early copies, is worth quoting for it leads us to what might have been the tragic epilogue to a merry comedy. This playful and innocent allusion to the numerous Scots followers of James I who had lately succeeded to the crown, together with various references to the plentiful supply of new cheap knights, irritated the royal circle and specially offended one of the new knights from Scotland. Shortly after the appearance of the play Chapman, perhaps as the chief author, found himself in prison. It appears that Marston, though really responsible for the offensive passage, escaped arrest

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(though this is contrary to Drummond's report of Jonson's statement on the matter), but Jonson honourably gave himself up and joined his friend in prison. In a letter addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, still preserved at Hatfield, he writes: "I am here, my most honoured Lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman (whose name may perhaps have come to your lordship), one, Mr George Chapman, a learned and honest man". Jonson wrote to various other lords and ladies to call attention to his case and that of "a worthy friend, a Mr Chapman", who are suffering "for other men's licence", and Chapman addressed a curious petition to the King to "take merciful notice of the submissive and amendful sorrows of your two most humble and prostrated subjects for your Highness's displeasure: Geo. Chapman and Ben Jonson, whose chief offenses are but two clauses and both of them not our own...we cast our best parts at your Highness's feet and our worst to Hell". We find this petition in the manuscript book brought to light by Dobell, where there are altogether ten documents bearing on this imprisonment, seven of them by Jonson; * if, as supposed, they were copied here by Chapman himself, we see how seriously he regarded the episode. It is said that there was some question of slitting the noses and cutting off the ears of the dramatists who had shown deficient reverence to the

* They are reprinted from the *Athenaeum* in Schelling's edition of *Eastward Ho* (1904).

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"thirty-pound knights" from Scotland; but the patrons of high rank to whom Chapman and Jonson had appealed came to their rescue, and without undue delay obtained their release. The occurrence served, however, to attract much public attention to the play and four editions appeared during the year.

In 1606 *The Gentleman Usher* was published, though we do not know in what year Chapman wrote it. He entered here, more definitely than ever before, a field of romantic comedy (though with elements of what would now be musical comedy) and began to take the theatre more seriously. He could not fail to do so, for the poet's attitude was here demanded, and he prided himself on the dignity of the poet's vocation. This has always been my own favourite among Chapman's comedies; Swinburne had already called it "romantic comedy at its highest"; Dr Parrott declares that it is Chapman's best comedy. The early acts, as he remarks, with their dilatory opening, may perhaps account for the unwarranted neglect of the most fresh and charming of Chapman's romantic comedies. It may well be, as it has been suggested, the original inspiring influence for Fletcher's romantic plays. There is one scene at least—that scene of delicate and high-wrought passion in which the Prince and Margaret espouse each other without help of Church or priest—that reveals a tenderness rare in Chapman, even though it is at the same time most characteristically his in its affirmation of a higher moral order in the world than the world allows.

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The lovers devise a ritual form of nuptials for themselves:

*First, then, hide your face
With this your spotless white and virgin veil:
Now this my scarf I'll knit about your arm,
As you shall knit this other end on mine;
And as I knit it, here I vow by Heaven,
By the most sweet imaginary joys
Of untried nuptials; by loves ushering fire,
Fore-melting beauty, and love's flame itself,
As this is soft and pliant to your arm
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will,
As of mine own, as of my life and soul,
In all things, and for ever.*

One would like to know whether Chapman had somehow heard that the tying of bridegroom and bride together by a scarf is precisely a marriage ritual of Hindus in Bengal.* It is common to refer to Chapman's wooden and unattractive women. But in this, as in other matters, Chapman perpetually opposes himself, and, as Parrott says, "Margaret is one of the most delightful girls in all the lovely

* There is indeed a similar custom also in the South of India among various tribes, such as the Lingayats, described in detail by Ananthakrishna Iyer in vol. iv of his *Mysore Tribes and Castes* (1931). Chapman's more immediate source was his own *Hero and Leander*, where in the fifth Sestiad there is a similar nuptial rite, with ribbons, white and blue, to tie the lovers by the waist and side by side.

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garden of Elizabethan romance, almost rising in the sphere in which Shakespeare's heroines move". The theme which Chapman took for this play was that, familiar in later comedy, of father and son as rivals for the love of the same girl, but he added the sensational incident of the heroine's self-disfigurement (Parrott points out) from the *Heptameron* and the miraculous cure from the *Arcadia*, and threw in music and dancing. Bassiolo in this play, Koeppel thinks* (and Parrott agrees), may owe something to Malvolio.

In the same year, and probably also written some years earlier (perhaps 1603), was published *Monsieur d'Olive*, also among Chapman's best plays and specially effective in its early scenes. *Monsieur d'Olive*, the comic hero of the play, might be regarded, whether or not he is so intended, as a caricature of Chapman's favourite tragic hero. He is, as Parrott remarks, Chapman's most elaborate piece of characterisation. In this play, also, is a situation which may be noted. Vandome has a "mistress", Countess Marcelina, who is the wife of his friend Vaumont. Though her love is honourable, she is much absorbed in this "lover" during his absence, so that the husband grows jealous, but is afterwards deeply repentant of his jealousy. Janet Spens remarks that these scenes are instructive for the study of Chapman's ethical attitude, though, as she points

* Emil Koeppel, *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen G. Chapmans* (1897). This is a valuable study of Chapman sources though now to some extent out of date.

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out, Chapman was also quite prepared to recognise satisfied passion as itself legitimate, since Love causes "a spring of virtues where he shines".

In his next play, published in 1607, but probably written in 1604, the great tragedy of *Bussy d'Ambois* (a story which in later days attracted Alexandre Dumas), we find Chapman's tragic hero fully developed. It was to France that Chapman went for his inspiration here, as so often again. France had a fascination for Chapman greater than for any other dramatist of that period, and herein he was true both to his own individuality and to his kinship to the early Elizabethans. Though much drawn to the Italian Neo-Platonic philosophers, he had little share in that craving for the subtle enchantment of contemporary Italy which carried away Shakespeare and Webster and Ford and so many of their fellows, the enchantment by which a more civilised nation holds a nation that is a stage closer to barbarism.* The

* Nowhere, perhaps, do we realise so well the contrast between the brilliant but still semi-barbarous England of those days and the higher civilisation of Italy as in that interesting little volume of Coryat's travels which he called his *Crudities*. Coryat, who was a friend of Ben Jonson's, knew better than most men the things that were really worth chronicling. Dress is an index to civilisation; Coryat was astonished at the sober black clothes of the Italians and the English extravagance. Almost the only point (except the beauty of the women) in which he could recognise any superiority of the English was in the style and scale of the London theatres.

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France that Chapman loved and which he often analysed with considerable knowledge and insight, however he may sometimes have distorted it ("Chapman understood the meaning of history", says Ward), was that haughty and splendid France of Francis I and Henry IV, a very different country from the more graceful and dignified France which circled decorously around Louis XIV.

At Knebworth, on the road between Hitchin and London, there was in the eighteenth century a portrait of "a head, in a ruff, beard, and whiskers, superscribed *Bussy D'Amboyse, homme de sang et de feu*".* Whether this portrait was known to Chapman and had a share in the inception of his tragedy, it is now impossible to tell. Bussy, the man who carves his own fortune at the Court of Henry IV, insolent and unsparing in his speech to high and low, reckless in his love adventures, an approved master of the duel, was a man after Chapman's own soul.† Such "hommes

* Mr Boswell-Stone pointed out to me a reference to this fact in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1790, p. 984. It seems even possible that this portrait of his favourite hero, found only six miles from Hitchin, may have once belonged to the poet. Chapman's stray observations on painting show an appreciation of pictures, even a certain technical knowledge, as is suggested also by the good quality of the portraits of himself.

† Dr Boas has shown, in the scholarly introduction and notes to his edition of the two Bussy plays in Professor Baker's *Belles-Lettres Series*, that Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois* is in many respects a faithful portrait.

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de sang et de feu " are ever his heroes ; he delights in
their

haughty thoughts,

Brave resolution, and divine discourse ;

they represent Chapman's Roman conception of the
" virtuous " man, sufficient to himself, the man of
whom it may be said

Who to himself is law, no law doth need ;

although to a less sympathetic observer they sometimes appear braggarts whose licence of speech is insufferable, and whose resolutions end in nothing. Chapman's audience was not so unappreciative. *Bussy* was the most popular of his tragedies and was reprinted several times during his lifetime. It had, on a different plane, something of the soaring energy and eloquence of Marlowe (who had himself dealt with this period of French history) and it seems to have raised something of the same excitement as *Tamburlaine*. To the modern reader it is still the most easily readable of Chapman's tragedies, with most life, movement, and vivid eloquence. Janet Spens would explain this by the suggestion that *Bussy* sprang from the problems of Chapman's own inner life.

There was formerly much doubt about the dramatist's sources for the historical background of *Bussy d'Ambois*, and various tentative suggestions were put out. But in 1903 Dr F. S. Boas showed that Chapman had no need to go to any remote French sources. For the *Bussy* as well as the *Byron* plays most of the material was at hand in a handsome illustrated

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English folio volume: J. de Serres's *General Inventorie of the Historie of France*, translated and continued by Edward Grimeston, who had lived for some years in France in the public service. Grimeston, Boas adds, was all, more than all, to Chapman what North was to Shakespeare.

To 1608 belong Chapman's other two great historical plays of Byron: *The Conspiracy of* and *The Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*. The real protagonist, not many years before, had come to London, where Chapman might possibly have seen him, and had been executed not very long before the plays were written. At the representation *Byron* contained matter which in 1608 gave offence to the French ambassador, and not unreasonably, for the reigning French Queen was represented as boxing the ears of her husband's mistress. At the ambassador's petition the play was stopped. When, on the removal of the Court from London, the players ventured to bring it on the stage again, several members of the company were arrested but "the principle person, the author, escaped". He had sought "a safe retreat" (probably, Dobell thought, owing to the Duke of Lennox's protection), whence he sent a letter out, "as a dove", he says, when the storm was blowing over. He also addressed a spirited letter to the licenser for the Press who had put objections in the way of the publication of *Byron*; Chapman had tried to suppress the passage which gave offence, and he writes: "I see not mine own plays, nor carry the actors' tongues in my mouth.

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The action of the mind is performance sufficient of any duty, before the greatest authority". The offensive passages were cancelled, and the play has come down to us in a mutilated condition. In the Duc de Byron—as described in Grimeston's adaptation of Jean de Serres's *Historie*—we find again the type of character that fascinated Chapman. He was a man of fiery nature and almost frenzied activity, equally brilliant at court and on the battlefield, presumptuous, self-willed, generous, without fear of God or man. He resembled Essex (as Chapman makes him remark himself) both in his history and tragic fate, and it was probably this resemblance which attracted the dramatist and interested the audience. He was, at the same time, as a critic has said, the very essence of the English Renaissance.

The play (for the two plays are really one) to the reader seems certainly deficient as a whole in dramatic effectiveness; it has little of the sustained energy and movement of *Bussy*. A fine scene is often drawn out to intolerable length; the interest lies chiefly in the episodes, and the rare beauty and eloquence of isolated passages.* Still, it forms a great whole, and taken

* Swinburne, in writing with enthusiasm of the *Byron* epic, says: "Here for once not a note is out of tune, not a touch is out of keeping, and the very inflation of the style is never the inflation of vacuity; its majesty is no longer tumid, and its elevation is no longer insecure. This at least has a right to be counted for ever among the classic works of English poetry".

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altogether deserves to be placed at the head of Chapman's tragedies. It is less of a play than an epic, and so viewed it has a certain exalted majesty and unity of its own; that it should have found audiences sufficiently robust and high-souled to listen to it, not at one but at several theatres, is among the strange facts which show the vitality of the stage at this period, and also, it may be added, the real effectiveness of Chapman's plays.

In following the course of Chapman's literary history, no attempt has been made to trace his personal history. There is little trace to find. What we find are mainly only presumptions. The earliest indications, alike from report and from his own writings, point to association and high esteem both as regards men of letters and high society. He was certainly at the outset drawn to Marlowe. Chapman's literary activity and possibly his life in London seem only beginning at the time of Marlowe's death, but he had already reached the age of thirty-four, and may well have known him. In some aspects the bold and soaring genius of Marlowe could not fail to fascinate Chapman, though he was by five years the elder, and the echo of Marlowe appears again and again in his work. To that social Bohemianism which we seem to see in Marlowe, Chapman was by no means congenial (apart from the fact that Marlowe was the son of what Chapman would call a "sniperado"), but distinguished friends and patrons of Marlowe, at all events Sir Thomas Walsingham, stood in the same relation to Chapman.

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It is on Chapman's relation to an even greater contemporary than Marlowe, however, to which attention has in our time been drawn.

An extensive literature has grown up around the question of the personal and literary relations of Chapman with Shakespeare. Taken altogether Chapman was not indeed the finest artist, but perhaps he was the biggest personality among Shakespeare's fellow-workers. They could not but come into some relationship. They were of singularly unlike personal temperaments and social affinities, but each could not fail to appreciate the other's great but unlike qualities, so that there was room for a relationship either amicable or hostile. We may well believe that by turns it was both. One recalls the life-long mixed affection and repulsion of Turgueneff and Tolstoy for each other, the more modern Russian emotional temperament being on much the same plane as the ancient Elizabethan.

Minto long ago suggested that the "rival poet" of Shakespeare's Sonnet LXXXVI was Chapman. Arthur Acheson in 1903, with his rather intemperate zeal, took up the suggestion enthusiastically and attempted to build an elaborate superstructure on it. Many good critics have more cautiously accepted the identification, and even Professor Tucker, who tends to carry caution to excess, in his invaluable edition of the Sonnets, though holding it not yet proved, does not consider that a better case can be made out for anyone else. Dover Wilson says "probable";

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Chambers, always cautious, "not assured". Other identifications have been found, notably Drayton. But when we take the three specific traits of the "rival poet": (1) the "proud full sail" of his verse; (2) his nightly activities; and (3) his familiarity with spirits, they seem nowhere to apply better than to Chapman. We think, for instance, of such a passage as that in *The Tears of Peace* where Chapman recalls the visits to him of Homer's spirit on the hill next Hitchin. A doubt may arise if we date the sonnet some years before the end of the century, but we know the dates when Chapman published better than those when he wrote.

The question has been copiously debated. Yet if we agree that Chapman was the "rival poet" we are not advanced in our personal knowledge of Chapman. Does it merely mean that Chapman was Shakespeare's rival for the patronage of Southampton? There are no signs of such rivalry and Chapman's approaches to Southampton are cool. Is some warmer emotion than that of patronage involved? The sonnet, with its "all too precious you" might suggest it. But we have no apparent ground for assuming that Chapman shared Marlowe's homosexual interests, though they were undoubtedly shared by some distinguished men of the time.* It is true that, so far as

* It is best to say "apparent" ground since Chapman could not have been without interest in homosexuality, in that age and that environment, even apart from his absorption in Homer and Plato or in Marlowe. We have some

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we know, Chapman never married, and that the only occasion when we find him much troubled over a woman was late in life. The women in his plays are not usually lovable, though there are delightful exceptions—all generalisations about Chapman must be denied—while it is with gusto that he presents the satirical picture of a woman (such as Gertrude in *Eastward Ho*); his general attitude towards women, if often aesthetic, and sometimes notably sympathetic, is seldom amorous. Chapman was intensely interested in men and idealised all the most masculine virtues. They remain the normal virtues, even when inordinately manifested. Chapman was with Shakespeare in an ardent admiration for Essex, "the most honoured now living instance of the Achillean virtues", to whom he dedicated his *Iliad*. Several critics have innocently remarked, indeed, that Chapman showed himself unexpectedly tender to the unattractive character of Henry III, who is held to be of homosexual temperament. In the end, however, we have evidence of this. Schoell has pointed out that Ficino's Commentary on *The Banquet* seems to have exerted a peculiar fascination on Chapman, and indeed really is, Schoell remarks, the most diverting of Ficino's pedantic Commentaries on Plato. Chapman takes from it the medico-metaphysical explanation of homosexuality between men of different ages and applies it to affection between father and son. Evidently he would not venture to follow Ficino more closely, though he carefully retains the imagery. Chapman could be reckless sometimes, but he preserves the conventions of English prudery.

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seem to gain nothing by viewing Chapman as the "rival poet".

If it were possible, we gain even less by the gratuitous attempts to thrust Chapman into the Shakespearean canon, or to find constant hidden references to Chapman in Shakespeare or to Shakespeare in Chapman. The two men, Acheson would persuade us, spent their lives in covertly attacking each other, and J. M. Robertson, who suffered from a sort of Chapman-complex, saw Chapman nearly everywhere in Shakespeare, from *Love's Labour's Lost* to *The Tempest*, not to mention some of the sonnets.* Robertson possessed a keen intelligence and knew how to present a case powerfully, but he was somehow lacking in the sensitive tact without which all other critical gifts are in vain. The transfer to Chapman which has most often been thought plausible was not first suggested by Robertson. Mackail denied that "The Lover's Complaint", which Thorpe printed with the Sonnets and attributed to Shakespeare, was really his, but thought it perhaps by the "rival poet", and others have remarked that, if it had appeared as an anonymous Elizabethan poem, Chapman's name would occur as the probable author. There have been few to follow in the field where Robertson led. It may not be, what some critic has called it, an "All Fools playground", but it may well be left to the idle children who play about in the suburbs of literature.

* See, especially, his *Shakespeare and Chapman*, 1917, and *Problems of the Shakespeare Sonnets*, 1927.

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Far less has been said about Chapman's relations with Jonson, though they are much less questionable. The two men were more akin in temperament and training than any of their fellows; and they alone in the whole group at the beginning of the seventeenth century possessed any sort of real scholarship, though Jonson was more of a Latinist and Chapman was more drawn to the Greeks. They alone, also, can be said to stand out in solidity of personal character and in definite ethical aim, so that they alone, as they grew old, were viewed with veneration by the younger generation. It is not surprising that Jonson (if we may trust Drummond's *Conversations*) "loved" Chapman and had the highest regard for his work. They openly worked together in *Eastward Ho* and Brinsley Nicholson, Jonson's editor, told me he had come to the conclusion that Chapman had a hand in *The Case is Altered*, though the most we can say here is that the play runs on lines parallel to Chapman's *All Fools*.

Chapman prefixed enthusiastic verses to the *Sejanus* and to the *Volpone* of "his dear friend Benjamin Jonson". It is held that Chapman was chiefly influential in directing Jonson into the field of historical tragedy. But the final proof of the high admiration which Jonson cherished for Chapman is found in a tribute he paid him under the character of Virgil in *The Poetaster*. It has seemed to some that the lofty eulogy here uttered must have been meant for Shakespeare, but in the opinion of sound critics—it is

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enough to name Ward and Herford—this is impossible and Jonson can only have meant Chapman: “no more splendid and no more fitting tribute”, remarks Herford, “has in truth ever been paid by one great poet to another”. It is in the last act of the play that Horace, Gallus, and Tibullus combine in praise of the confessedly supreme poet:

*That, which he hath writ,
Is with such judgment laboured, and distilled
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.*

So speaks Tibullus. Caesar interrupts:

*You mean, he might repeat part of his works
As fit for any conference he can use?*

Tib. True, royal Caesar.

Caes. *Worthily observed;
And a most worthy virtue in his works.*

Then Horace takes up the eulogy to say that his learning is not the echoing glosses of the schools,

*But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 'tis so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength of life with being,
And live hereafter, more admired than now.*

We find Chapman seeking patrons with characteristic energy, frankly exposing his poverty and need of

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support. He seems to have been often fortunate in the aristocratic patronage he secured. He was by no means obsequious, however, and sometimes unfortunate in the directions to which he turned; indeed singularly unwise, as is his adulation of the fallen favourite Carr. He was also in the habit (which mightily appealed to Swinburne) of referring contemptuously to kings, glancing, as some have supposed, at the reigning King, James I. But, on the other hand, he was so singularly fortunate as to secure the royal favour of the Prince of Wales, youthful lover of the arts, who in 1604 appointed him to the sinecure office of "sewer in ordinary", or cupbearer, a post which conferred a pension. Chapman dedicated the first twelve books of his *Homer* to Prince Henry, and that beloved young prince died soon after; again a misfortune, for Prince Charles, whose fine taste was displayed in painting rather than in poetry, refused to renew the appointment, in spite of all Chapman's petitions, and showed no favour to Chapman, whom he doubtless regarded as at that date merely an old fogey. This was a serious blow, for it seems to have been largely owing to the encouragement and assistance of Prince Henry that Chapman had devoted himself to his largest and most famous task. From 1598, indeed, until 1616 he was occupied with the great epical work by which chiefly his name is known to posterity—Chapman's *Homer*.

It is not to posterity alone that this has seemed

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Chapman's greatest work. It was so judged by the more intellectual critics of his own age, not much impressed by the dignity of drama; he himself held "Translator of Homer" to be his noblest title. It is not difficult to understand this claim. Chapman's slowly evolved translation of Homer (comprising everything that an uncritical age had included under that head) with its unflagging energy and spirit was the crowning achievement of Elizabethan Humanism. All the revived art and poetry of the Renaissance, full of a new eager delight, and a zeal not always according to knowledge, seemed to Chapman to have its source in Homer. "Of all books extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best": so Chapman declared, at the outset of his preface to the completed *Iliad*, in opposition to the opinion of his day which still placed Virgil first.* Borne on the Renaissance wave, Chapman was able to feel in Homer and to impart to his translation a sense of actuality and fitness for modern uses which has been less easy to subsequent translators. Homer was for Chapman a book profitable for all ends; "Councillors", he says, "have never better oracles than his lines, fathers have no moral so profit-

* Chapman appears to have largely used Spondanus's edition of Homer which was accompanied by a Latin version. He was accused at the time, and more recently, of relying too much on the Latin version. Lohff, in a careful study (*George Chapman's Ilias-Übersetzung*, 1903), shows that Chapman had studied his Homer thoroughly, though he was not a philological textual critic.

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able for their children as his counsels;...husbands, wives, lovers, friends and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties". Out of this sense of the modernness of what he was writing springs that curiously direct naturalism of phrase which Chapman here often reaches but never elsewhere attained in the same degree. The lines leap forth with no greater energy or majesty indeed than his blank verse frequently attained, but with a better-girt alacrity, swifter and more sure-footed. And with all this there are perpetual quaintly unconscious allusions to things Elizabethan. The poem has a superb energy and life; but they are its own; they are not the harmonious measure and exaltation of the Greek. "No poet was ever less of a Greek", remarks Swinburne. One is reminded of the copy by Rubens of a cartoon by Mantegna, the classic forms of the Mantuan overlaid by those involuntary touches and twists of the exuberant Fleming. He did not so much translate Homer, it has been said, as reproduce him, sometimes almost in the spirit of medieval romance, yet "with a certain divine ardour". Even Pope, who assumed an unwarranted air of superiority, admitted "a daring fiery spirit" in Chapman's *Homer*. With whatever qualifications, Chapman's great canvas lives and will never cease to live. He had herein not only expressed "The large dimensions of the English tongue", as his discriminating and judicious friend Drayton declared, but had also for the first time unlocked the treasury of Hellenic art; and the conditions for doing

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this with the same spirit and freshness will never again occur.

To the finally completed edition of *Homer* Chapman prefixed a portrait of himself at the age of fifty-seven. This is one of the most interesting of the portraits of literary men that have come down to us from that time, and it speaks the nature of the man: the turned expectant head, with curiously lean and muscular neck, the grave yet eager eyes, the full and sweet lips; it is the head of a man above all sanguine and audacious, like the men of the type he loved, *homme de sang et de feu*, but more sensitive than Bussy or Byron, the face of a man who, as he himself said with less truth of Homer, "writ from a free fury, an absolute and full soul".

The *Homer* was completed in 1616. It is necessary to go back a few years to the plays. The comedy of *May Day*, lively and pleasant enough, but little more than an adaptation from the Italian of Piccolomini's *Alessandro*, was not published until 1611, but, written earlier, it held the stage for some time. It was followed, possibly in 1606, by *The Widow's Tears*, a version of Petronius's story of the Ephesian matron, and the last of Chapman's comedies. This is a most vigorous and skilful piece of comic work, so incisive in its satire of women that the conjecture has been plausibly hazarded that Chapman was revenging some personal wrongs; this conjecture has since found support in the discovery of Chapman's actual courtship of a widow at about the same time. It is

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certainly one of his most notable plays and it has even been possible to term it "the finest satirical comedy in the English tongue". In 1613 he published his *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*. It was largely founded, like the other Bussy and Byron plays, on Grimeston. It was probably called forth by the success of the tragedy of *Bussy*, but it could scarcely have satisfied those who delighted in the earlier play. The dramatic energy and movement of that are lacking; Clermont, Bussy's brother, who is the hero, is a "Senecal man", and largely derived, it is held, not only from Seneca but from Epictetus, often through Erasmus. He is perpetually declaiming "virtuous digressions" which are of noble quality, and of the greatest interest to the student of Chapman, but scarcely help to give life to the play. Bussy himself became, as it has been said, almost more a semi-mythical hero than Chapman's own contemporary in neighbouring France, and, though in many respects a faithful portrait of the historical Bussy, with a little too much of the swashbuckler and bully. The *Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey*, not published till towards the end of Chapman's life, was written much earlier; it is not as a whole among his best works, but in the later scenes Pompey bears his defeat so nobly that it is transformed into a conquest, while Cato upholds by his life and death the power of reason, and

*Men's liberties to bear
Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands.*

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All this is in Chapman's finest and most characteristic manner as well as being witness to his study of philosophy. To the tragedy of *Revenge for Honour*, published as Chapman's in 1654, it is hard to assign a date, nor is it very easy to connect it with Chapman at all. Its versification is late, but there is in it an element of pride and fierceness that reminds us of Marlowe (the Marlowe of *The Jew of Malta*) and it is only through this influence from Marlowe that we can associate the play with Chapman. It has been plausibly claimed for Glapthorne by Dugdale Sykes. *Chabot* (licensed in 1635) was one of the last works attributed to Chapman, and his part in it may be slight; at the most it must have been revised, and the fine brusqueness and extravagances smoothed down by the hand of Shirley, the young favourite Court dramatist of a later school, with whom Chapman was now in touch. Here we return to Chapman's favourite land of France, in the narrative of the fall of the great French Admiral. He is a hero who may be contemplated with more sympathy than most of us can give to Bussy or Byron. Doubtless, beside the hand of Shirley, we may here trace the mellowing influence of age.*

* In *The Ball*, which was published in 1632 as by Chapman and Shirley, it is easy to detect Shirley's hand, almost impossible to find any trace of Chapman's. The tragedy of *Alphonsus*, printed after Chapman's death, has been attributed to him. It displays a very copious knowledge of German life and language; even apart from this, it appears to have been written by someone of a temperament very

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Of the personal life of Chapman during the period of his chief dramatic activity in the earlier years of the seventeenth century ending in 1613 with the *Revenge of Bussy*, the last great play he wrote alone, we gain some glimpses if Dobell was correct in believing that the MS. book discovered by him covers exactly these years. The picture we thus obtain of "the poore olde man" is somewhat pathetic.* The "studious" writer, "whose pen is his plough", as he says, is compelled to beg for forbearance from his creditors and for alms from his patrons; sometimes his requests are touched with good-humour, as when he writes to his doctor, sometimes they are almost servilely humble, occasion-unlike Chapman's. But Dr Parrott, who denies that it is Chapman's, inconsistently included it in his edition, as well as *The Ball* and *Revenge for Honour*, neither of which he accepts. A nameless play, licensed in 1611 by the Master of the Revels and labelled by him *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, had Chapman's name (among others) at the back of the MS. It is a fine and well-written play of the Shakespearian school, with some touches faintly recalling Chapman, but it cannot be certainly assigned to any known author. A dull controversial pamphlet in dramatic form, entitled *Two Wise Men and All The Rest Fools*, was assigned to Chapman late in the seventeenth century; there is no reason whatsoever for considering that he had anything to do with it.

* It must be remembered that Chapman, who even in his early poems referred to his "death-ushering melancholy", was not really old at this time and lived for many years longer. We may reasonably hope that in his real old age, when surrounded by loving and admiring friends, he was protected from the evils of extreme poverty.

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ally they flash out into impatience as when he breaks out, in a letter apparently written to the Master of the Revels who had commissioned a Masque, to protest against being "put with tailors and shoemakers, and such sniperados, to be paid by a bill of particulars, what such and such a piece should be prized at, or whether the whole sum might amount to above ten pounds or no".

The most personal episode narrated in these letters is Chapman's courtship of the unknown widow, if, as is probable, the unsigned letters dealing with this episode in the MS. book are by Chapman. It would seem that he had met the widow at a friend's house and then fallen in love with her. He now desires to know from this friend whether the widow cannot again dispose of herself. He apologises, at the same time, for having left his friend's house, and the lady, with undue suddenness, ascribing this to his "bashful and uncourtly simplicity, always fearful to be thought irksome where I have been welcome". In this letter he encloses another which he asks his friend to copy and send to the widow as from himself; this enclosed letter urges the widow to marry Chapman and states that he has persuaded his brother to enable him to make the jointure the widow desires. "Let me therefore entreat you", Chapman makes his friend say to the widow, "to think nothing you have or can bring with you too much to join with that he shall add to your estate, for in his least trials I am well assured you will wish you had much more for him". In another

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letter, apparently by Chapman, he addresses the widow direct: "Save him (sweet widow) that lives of your mercy and seeks no favour but only yours, that holds you dear and loves you much, yea ten times more than he or they, whosoever they be, who love you most. Make me but your man and you shall be ever my mistress, my love, my wife, and my heart, and all good things that I can imagine. If my letter is long it is long of you, for you are the cause I can find no end. I could write a whole volume in praise of yourself and your sweet perfections". Alas! it is but too probable that the "whole volume" was eventually *The Widow's Tears*, so full of scorn for the value of a woman's affections.

There is another letter addressed to a woman in this collection—the most remarkable of all the documents it contains—though it is not certain that we can read it in connection with the episode of the widow:—"You demand what you shall do. The woman on the bankside can better resolve you. Live under your own stars. If you prosper I will never despair. Only thus much; I think all that love which is built on your beauty will ruin when the foundation fails. For myself, I speak it to the face of Heaven, that I once loved you more than it. I held you worthy to be good because I thought you willing; I should have esteemed myself happy if I might have made you so; blessed if I might have enjoyed you so. But I find a page or a gentleman-usher may with a good face and omnipotent gold make an honest woman a whore, but to make a whore an honest woman is beyond the labours of

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Hercules. But let experience teach you your error. I envy not him that shall possess you. If you have wronged me, let your own inconsistency punish itself, for I cannot wish you worse than to be what you are".

Chapman's numerous short poems, with all their debts to Italian or French authors, are yet sometimes of much personal significance and charm; in most cases they tell us something we are glad to hear of himself or the aims of his art, of his friendships, of his ardent admiration for all deeds of valorous nobility. His Dedications are of exceptional interest; a man of so independent a spirit, who held that it was the poet's part to confer rather than to receive honour, was not likely to fall to any great extent into the customary vices of the poet who approaches his patron; and while Chapman is often lavish of praise, there is sincerity and selection in his praise. He shared, and keenly felt, many of the enthusiasms of his fellow-poets. There is a genuine note in all that he writes of "my most dear and heroical patron, Prince Henry", and he dedicated a long funeral song to that much lamented Prince. His translation of Hesiod he dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, "ancient wisdom being so worthily eternised by the now-renowned instance of it in your lordship", and Chapman had a certain intellectual kinship with Bacon in the fact that Bacon's principle of the dominion of man, and his aim, in his own words, "to extend the limits of human power and dignity" exactly correspond on the scientific side to Chapman's doctrine, on the ethical side, of man's

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moral autonomy and supremacy. Of all the men of that time, however, it was the Earl of Essex to whom Chapman was most attracted. Essex was a liberal and intelligent patron of the drama, and indeed of literature and science generally; it was his own "common way", in fact, Wotton says, "to evaporate his thoughts in a sonnet". But apart from this he possessed that brilliant and active temperament which looks like the realisation in real life of an artist's dream and so is apt to fascinate the poet. Shakespeare was, as we know, associated with the Essex faction; Daniel, Chapman's intimate friend, was in 1605 subjected to an official censure on the suspicion that in his *Philotas* he had attempted to exculpate Essex. Chapman's own works contain numerous highly eulogistic passages referring to "the matchless Earl of Essex". And it was Essex—"in whose unmatched virtues shine the dignities of the soul, and the whole excellence of royal humanity"—whom he selected as the patron of his greatest and most cherished achievement, the *Homer*, and himself as "the most true Achilles". That Chapman's favourite dramatic hero, though cast in a more massive and ethical mould, should have a distinct resemblance to Essex is scarcely worthy of note, for that character was the typical hero of Elizabethan life; but it is certainly noteworthy that all Chapman's best tragedies should be but variations on the history and fate of Essex—the rise and fall, that is, of a brilliant and heroic but too imprudent and ambitious royal favourite, culminating, in the Byron plays, with the

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narrative of a notorious historic parallel. Chapman was faithful in his attachments; in the case of another patron to whom he adhered in adversity, the very dubious "judiciously-noble lover and fautor of all goodness and virtue", Carr, Earl of Somerset, his devotion was far from happy; several of his minor poems are dedicated to Carr and on the occasion of his infamous marriage Chapman celebrated the event with a poem called "Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda". The extraordinary infelicity of this never seems to have occurred to Chapman, but it could not fail to strike the public, and shortly afterwards Chapman published a "Justification of Perseus and Andromeda". Notwithstanding such failures of insight and tact, Chapman gained and in most places retained to the last the warm admiration of nearly all the men of his time with whom he was by his tastes and temper allied. Drayton and Daniel, among the gravest and most temperate literary men of the day, seem to have been intimate friends. So was Inigo Jones, with whom in 1613 he made the splendid Mask for the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine; Chamberlain wrote enthusiastically of the "gallant and glorious show" it made all up Fleet Street and the Strand, and "the dancing beyond all that has been seen yet"; Jonson, we know, declared that only Chapman and Fletcher, beside himself, could make a Mask. To his "exceeding good friend, Inigo Jones, Esquire", he dedicated his translation of *Hero and Leander*, "for your

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most ingenious love to all works in which the ancient Greek Souls appeared to you". "To his loving friend, Master John Fletcher", who was some twenty years younger than himself, and may perhaps have been influenced by his more romantic plays, he addressed one of the most remarkable of his shorter poems, prefixed to *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

"He was", says Wood, "a person of most reverent aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." So we seem to see him in the portrait prefixed to one of his latest works, grave and bearded, venerable now, but with the same vigorous, perhaps irascible glance, the same sanguine eye. Always belonging in spirit to the early Elizabethan days, he was not altogether out of touch with these later days and became associated with Shirley, the most successful dramatist of the new time. The younger poets looked up to him with enthusiastic reverence—although, it is said, he was somewhat choice as to whom he admitted to his society, being mindful of the dignity of the poetic mission—and he thus enjoyed during his lifetime that ardent admiration from the advanced guard of posterity which in a later century was enjoyed by Landor, just such another turbulent, erratic, high-souled Englishman. To these younger men he was the "Father of our English Poets". Webster, the representative of the newer school—his eyes held fixed by the fascination of modern Italy as by some strange and wonderful serpent, caring little for the ethical side of life, indeed the opposite of Chapman save in

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which made up the ideals of the men of the Restoration, were things that Chapman had contemptuously flung to the winds and outraged on every page. Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, by virtue of their bright romantic charm, still in some degree held the stage in a more or less travestied form. Chapman was speedily banished from it, and has never been really brought back. He was indeed left altogether in that obscurity, which he may seem to have done his best to seek, for nearly two centuries. In one important respect he is there still, and we have no scholarly edition of Chapman's complete works; for one reason or another all the great Shakespearian editors have either left Chapman aside or only dealt with portions of his works.*

* A reprint of Chapman's Comedies and Tragedies was issued by John Pearson in 1873. In 1874-5 were published by Chatto and Windus in three volumes the *Works*, edited (with Swinburne's notable Introduction) by R. H. Shepherd; this edition is unsatisfactory and unscholarly, but remains the only complete version of Chapman convenient for ordinary use. In 1888 Dr Brinsley Nicholson (at my suggestion as General Editor of the Mermaid Series) laboriously prepared a carefully collated edition of the chief plays; it could not be published, however, as the Mermaid Series was shortly after taken out of my hands and on his death his work could not be found and has never been recovered. The Mermaid volume of Chapman, subsequently issued, was due to Dr W. L. Phelps and contained five plays merely reprinted from the unsatisfactory Shepherd edition. In 1914 Routledge published in two volumes the Comedies and Tragedies edited by Dr T. M. Parrott. This is a most ad-

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The critics who acclaimed Chapman at the romantic epoch were not in a position to estimate Chapman's qualities as a writer for the stage. He was banished from the stage when the age of dramatic criticism was just beginning, and none of those who revived his fame ever saw one of his plays acted. It is difficult, and even impossible, to estimate the actual dramatic effectiveness of a play one has never seen, and it is highly probable that the fact is responsible for the unfavourable estimate usually made of the stage qualities of Chapman's plays. Dryden has left an interesting testimony, which points in this direction. In the dedication to his *Spanish Friar* he passingly disparages the literary qualities of *Bussy d'Ambois*, as "a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense", but the interesting point is that his disparagement takes the form of disappointment that a play which, he says, had "amazed" him in the acting should be so poor in the subsequent reading. In modern times, as regards the comedies also, it has been found possible to make a fine and scholarly edition. But it is now out of print and the publishers have no intention of reprinting it. The announcement was made that it would be followed up by the Poems edited by Professor Parrott in conjunction with Professor Franck Schoell, a French scholar who spent ten years at universities of the U.S.A. Unfortunately this volume, which would have been of high value, has not appeared. There are various useful editions of separate plays, but it is an astonishing fact that among the Elizabethan dramatists and poets it is one of the greatest who still remains incompletely edited.

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to pronounce an unexpectedly favourable verdict, as by Dr Parrott, concerning Chapman's acting qualities. Chapman's comedies are very different from his tragedies, and it seems evident that alike in the verbal energy and exalted sententious spirit of the one and the vigorous movement and fine sense for situation of the other there lies a dramatic force not easily suspected by the mere reader. That it should be so is to the credit of Chapman's skill as a playwright.

"I have sometimes wondered in the reading", wrote Dryden, who had been born when Chapman was still alive, "what has become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperbole; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's Manes; and I have indignation to burn a d'Ambois annually to the memory of Jonson."

Dryden was a great pioneer in English criticism, as well as himself a fine artist, and he wrote these lines in the maturity of his power at the age of fifty. We

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have, however, to remember that on this occasion, as he admits, he was writing with "indignation", and that is the last emotion compatible with high criticism. There was, however, a cause for his indignation. At the Restoration, when Dryden had scarcely emerged from his youthful enthusiasms, *Bussy* was still popular and successful on the stage. Dryden himself had in early life displayed in his plays something of the very qualities of the "rant" which marks Chapman's pages. Now he had outgrown them. That is why Dryden flings away those pages with passion. We only do that with what is part of ourselves, as Huysmans well pointed out. The things that have never been part of ourselves we can coolly drop. That is how it comes about that Dryden's outburst is, even on the surface, unbalanced. He comes forward as a devout priest at Jonson's shrine, and he pours contempt on the poet whom Jonson himself loved and revered.

Yet to-day we are on the same plane with Dryden in a sense that we can never be with Chapman. Our responses to life and letters can come into touch with Dryden's as they never can with Chapman's, not even when we admire what Chapman admired. So it comes about that the echo of Dryden's judgment never fails to be heard. The word which Pope applied to Chapman's *Homer*, "fustian"—the word for what is braggart and bombast from the days of Milton and Dryden down—may be fairly applied to much of Chapman's work. Even in the very act of editing Chapman, a modern editor, Dr Phelps, repeats at

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length Dryden's estimate of Chapman and comments: "Dryden is still worth listening to". Dr Phelps represents the scholarship of Yale. But we may turn to a typical English critic who represented the rationalism and the progressivism and the humanitarianism of the nineteenth century we have not yet completely outgrown. William Archer, opposing the drama of the Elizabethans in general, found Chapman specially antipathetic, and even devoid of all qualities for the stage.

If indeed we are moved to adopt a hostile attitude towards that age, Chapman certainly furnishes the most convenient target for our envenomed arrows. He embodies in the extreme degree its fantastic extravagancies, its wild dreams, its unconscious confusions.

We do not always make clear to ourselves that the period covering the concluding years of the sixteenth century and the early years of the next—the period of Chapman's greatest activity—was a period of spiritual dissolution. It was even felt to be so by those who lived in it. They saw plots and conspiracies in their own and neighbouring lands—the revolt of Essex in 1601, the execution of Byron in 1602—arrogant usurpations, reckless adventures for good or for ill, constant wars or the threats of wars, perpetual agitation in the minds of men inhabiting a small island country, still only on the uncertain threshold of recognised greatness in the world. And on the spiritual side there was the revolutionary adjustment to a new and

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more modern religious creed from Germany, while at the same time great revolutionary waves of philosophy and art were rolling in from Italy and France to intoxicate all who were sensitive enough to feel them. We need not be surprised that it has been possible to describe Shakespeare's attitude to life in his time as that of a pessimist, that Jonson had the worst possible opinion of his own age, and that Chapman's contempt for "the base, ignoble, barbarous, giddy multitude" seemed sometimes to cover nearly everybody. A new splendid medium of expression under these stimulating influences had just sprung into being. So it is that these men, and the lesser men round them, found it possible to give supreme expression to their own emotions and those of the crowd in drama, and even dared to present contemporary situations, with or without disguise, on the stage. There really was, as Mr T. S. Eliot has expressed it, "some fundamental release of restraint". It was reflected even in the drama itself. The first period of Elizabethan and earlier drama may fairly be termed classical. We are conscious of a background of accepted order; the fundamental facts of normal life and death could be faced and accepted. We generally regard *Everyman* as the type of this drama, and much of only less quality might be mentioned.

Chapman, for all the unmeasured arrogance of his claims for individualism, was on the side of order. His Marlowesque heroes might be superior to social conventions and to accepted moral laws, but, as it has

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been truly pointed out, they are not therefore licentious or disorderly; they insist on making their own laws, and only so feel entitled to flout law. Chapman was, indeed, as Percy Allen says, a convinced believer in the ultimate triumph of the ordered mind; he deprecated violence, even in speech, and when women err he would have them won back by gentleness rather than fury, since rage engenders rage.

Yet when we contemplate Chapman's most admired heroes, whether in literature or in life, we can by no means say that they usually illustrate this doctrine. Chapman seeks to set up a solid pillar of "noblesse" in a licentious and falling world. Yet the heroes he selects are for a large part precisely the characteristic products of that world and they usually deserve the fate they meet. When among these we find the ambiguous couple of Carr and his new Countess set up for adulation—which was too much even for his own public—we begin to wonder how we can distinguish Chapman's ethics from that of the "barbarous" multitude.

Chapman often refers to Seneca and the "Senecal men", and he was also influenced by Epictetus. Seneca, especially as dramatist, had a diffused though an often vague influence on all the writers of the time, not excluding Shakespeare. To Chapman he could not fail to appeal, more especially as a moralist.*

* As regards his plays, J. W. Cunliffe (*The Influence of Seneca in Elizabethan Tragedy*), while remarking that some characteristics of Chapman's are largely due to his wide

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The appeal was indeed general at that period, but Chapman's ethics is in a special sense that of Stoicism faintly tinged by Protestantism, for Chapman, unlike either Shakespeare or Jonson, was not only patriotic, almost Imperialistic, but definitely on the side of Protestantism in his sympathies. We can find in Seneca and in Cicero most of the lofty individualistic aims and ideals of Chapman. Yet he distorted them into extravagant shapes. We can by no means regard him as the true exponent of Stoic doctrine, and he is as far removed as possible from so genuine a Stoic as Marcus Aurelius. He puts into his Stoic declarations a reckless and robustious energy, a touch of fiery imagination, which are away from the temper of the genuine Stoic.

We may certainly see in Chapman the Stoic's insistence on the virtues of an active life, his contempt for the philosophers who, in Seneca's words, "know rather to speak than to live", the Stoic's deep-rooted feeling of the divinity of man and the supremacy of reason maintaining its power over life and death. reading of classical authors, adds that "it must be confessed that his indebtedness to Seneca cannot be clearly proved to any great extent". Chapman's love of sanguinary horrors and of ghosts, however, as well as many more general characteristics, seem to reveal the influence of Seneca's tragedies, and Boas has shown that, in one case at least, Bussy's dying speech, a passage is taken verbally from the speech put by Seneca into the mouth of Hercules in his last agony. Mr T. S. Eliot's essay on "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" should not be overlooked.

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Chapman delights in affirming the autonomy of moral law, the vanity of all restraints not imposed by the fundamental relationship of man to the universe; an *Encheiridion* of noble and eloquent Stoic aphorisms might be gathered from his writings.

The special qualities of Chapman's classical philosophy are clearly traceable to the fact that the Englishmen of his day, even when scholars, received classical learning through the channels furnished by the scholars of Italy and Germany and France. Chapman used Epictetus with fine effect for his Clermont, but, as it has now been shown, he reached Epictetus through Jerome Wolfius, who, as Schoell points out, did much to popularise the Greek Stoics in England at the end of the Renaissance and furnished the best Latin Epictetus then available. Janet Spens emphasises Chapman's debt to the *De Officiis*, as Cicero supported his doctrine of the value of unique personality, and he often went to Erasmus.

Chapman's Platonism was still more transmogrified even than his Stoicism by the channels through which it reached him. A vague Platonism has always been discernible in Chapman, though to a less degree than in Spenser, with whom, however, Dr Janet Spens, in her stimulating and suggestive essay, finds him associated.* He is the link, as she views the matter, between the ethical and social reconstruction aimed at by Spenser and the realistic outlook of the eighteenth

* Janet Spens, "Chapman's Ethical Thought", *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, Vol. XI, 1925.

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century Comedy of Manners. Chapman seems, like Spenser, to have regarded the phenomenal as an allegory of the spiritual; "almost alone of the Elizabethans he is conscious of the way in which his inner life answered to external stimulus". "Soul" seems to him imagination. It is possible to regard his Julia in the *Banquet of Sense* as another name for what Shelley called "Intellectual Beauty".

But Chapman's Platonism was, as it has been called, almost a burlesque of Plato. The English Humanists of the day confused Platonism with Neo-Platonism, and that they only knew in the Florentine commentators of Renaissance times, especially Ficino. So their Platonism was the reflection of a reflection, and that used merely—and certainly by Chapman—as an aid to the expression of their own personal exuberance. Professor Schoell makes this clear in his *Études sur l'Humanisme Continental en Angleterre* which is henceforth indispensable to any approach to Chapman.

Spenser, too, had used Ficino, and, Schoell remarks, his use of that commentator compares favourably with Chapman's. It was when he was most actively engaged on his *Homer* that he was most drawn to Ficino, whom, however, he never once names, though he was so familiar with his work that he often quotes it carelessly from memory. Ficino was inevitable because anyone in that age who wished to study Homer had to go to the Neo-Platonists since Homer and Plato (always seen through the Neo-Platonists), the divine poet and the divine

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philosopher, were only understood through each other. Like Donne, who gained his knowledge of Plato from the same source, Chapman owed a great debt to Ficino, as well as, in a less degree, to Petrarch's *Secretum*, and to the elegies of Pontanus, and to Politian. Schoell goes far to prove that Chapman was much less of a really creative poet and much more of an indefatigable translator than had previously been thought. To limit research to the French and classic sources of Chapman and to neglect the Neo-Latin sources is to leave aside one of the most important constitutive elements of his poetry, for it has its roots as deeply fixed in mediaeval metaphysics as Donne's. The Chapman revealed by Schoell is as fervently devoted to Italy in philosophy as in history he was for his dramas to France, though for his *Homer*, also, he went to France, to Estienne and the Greco-Latin version (1583) of the Huguenot, Jean de Sponde (Spondanus). Jonson said that Chapman had found the way to the Greek coast, but for much of his booty, Schoell remarks, he went no farther than the coast of France.

We may now begin to understand the obscurity of Chapman, and to realise that it is by no means due to profundity of thought, nor even to difficulty of articulation, for Chapman could often be more lucid than Jonson, who is never liable to be so impenetrable.*

* Swinburne argued that the obscurity of Chapman is different in kind from the obscurity of Browning; it may seem more hopeless, but the difference is in degree rather than in kind. Both Chapman and Browning, and we may

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Chapman had from the outset an ideal of poetic obscurity which, Schoell thinks, Sponde's Homeric *Prolegomena* may have had something to do in fostering, though, as he adds, "Chapman's mind was smoky, if not by Nature, at all events on principle".

Chapman seems to have had a commonplace-book, Schoell remarks, in which he inserted passages from his favourite Latin authors and threw translations of them almost at random into his poems. It is these incongruous digressions, carelessly introduced and not knitted together, which are largely responsible for Chapman's "obscurity". When we know the sources we have the key. Natali Conti, it appears, the author of the most popular Renaissance manual of mythology, was often the source. Many details of Chapman's *Shadow of Night* come from Conti's *Explications*. Conti was a clear writer, but in Chapman's expansions he was no longer so clear. "A vast jumble of incoherent erudition on which he drew for purely poetic effects": so Mr T. S. Eliot describes Donne's - add Meredith, were serious moralists and eager thinkers, disdainful of the crowd. They were obscure from the same reason: the depth and impetuosity of their emotional feeling, and the effort to reach a perhaps impossible expressiveness. In all three this obscurity reveals not only a defect in their art but especially in their thought, which they had absorbed, here and there, confusedly, without being themselves original thinkers. The amateurish efforts of an artist to be a philosopher seem always to tend to a disastrous obscurity, as, to take a more recent example, we see in D. H. Lawrence.

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scholarship, and we may say much the same of Chapman whose mind was on some sides akin to Donne's.

A difficulty with Chapman which I do not seem to have seen pointed out is the paradoxical character of his mind, though Dr Spens rightly observes that his work is "many-sided and the various facets startlingly unlike". His temperament is ambivalent; he is always contradicting himself. He sees the two opposite poles of truth, extremely and one-sidedly, not attempting to harmonise them, not even being aware that they need to be harmonised. That is why it is so easy to make false statements about Chapman and so impossible to generalise.

Thus Swinburne considers that patriotism is more constantly perceptible in Chapman than in his compeers, while Dr Parrott refers to his "love of flying contrary to the opinion of his countrymen".

In reality, Chapman was on one side as wholeheartedly English, in spite of his abuse of the multitude—which can only have meant the English nation—as any patriot could desire. But his penetrating intelligence enabled him to understand, and his reckless independence enabled him to set forth, the standpoint of the men who sought to destroy England. Thus his description of the temperament and policy of Phillip II is more like the summing-up of a Spanish historian than the reaction of an Englishman who had lived through the terror of the Spanish Armada:

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Byr. *I cast away a card now, makes me think
Of the deceased worthy King of Spain.*

Chan. *What card was that?*

Byr. *The King of Hearts, my lord;
Whose name yields well the memory of that King
Who was indeed the worthy King of Hearts
And had both of his subjects' hearts and strangers'
Much more than all the Kings of Christendom.*

Chan. *He won them with his gold.*

Byr. *He won them chiefly
With his so general piety and justice.*

And he proceeds to expand in detail the eulogy which very fairly represents Phillip's aims in the world from the strictly Spanish point of view. So also the apology for the Massacre of St Bartholomew's in the second act of the *Revenge of Bussy*.

Again, Chapman was definitely a Protestant in outlook. Yet all his most cherished ideals were not even Christian but classic. There could not be a less Christian figure than his ideal Achilles. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, it has been remarked, constitute his Bible, and Coleridge long ago referred to his "complete forgetfulness of the distinction between Christianity and idolatry". It was as his manual of ethics that he regarded the *Iliad*, a mirror of manly conduct: "the notions, counsels, attempts and exploits", as he tells the Earl of Essex, "not to be exceeded by the freshest brains of this spirited time, the horror of arms endlessly thundering, piety, justice, valour and royalty,

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eternally shining in his soul-infused verse". As he elsewhere says, he finds here "the body's fervour and fashion of outward fortitude to all possible heights of heroic action". The *Odyssey* was to him a kind of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. "The information or fashion of an absolute man, and necessary passage through many afflictions to his natural haven and country, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem": so he briefly declares at the outset. That "heroical action" was the chief aim of his plays we should not perhaps—at all events in the case of some of the earlier comedies—at first suspect; but in the tragedies he is quite clear on the matter; "elegant and sententious excitation to Virtue, and deflection from her contrary, being the soul, limbs and limits of an authentical tragedy".

But it has been truly pointed out that there is much even in Chapman's tragedies which can by no means be described as sententious excitation to Virtue; and Acheson leaps to the conclusion that Chapman's morality was "a pose" and Chapman himself "a hum-bug". It is certainly possible that Chapman was no more a model person than a model artist. It is unpleasant to find him writing an invective (which, however, he never completed or published) against his old friend, Ben Jonson, and his method of commending himself to the widow he courted was scarcely straightforward. We may, however, admit the presence of flaws in Chapman's character and conduct while still holding to the essential "noblesse" of the

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man (to use his own favourite term), witnessed alike by the soaring energy of his work throughout and by the high personal esteem and even reverence in which he was held to the last, through all his misfortunes, by some of the best men of the time.

There is something rather paradoxical even in Chapman's attitude towards women. That he was predominantly interested in men, and that his women are "wooden", many a critic has remarked. He lived through a sexually ambiguous age; he was the admiring disciple of a youthful master who is definitely associated with homosexual interests. We can more or less closely connect him with various figures who are known in that connection, and half his life was spent in a country ruled—in this respect at all events so appropriately—by James I. There is nothing to connect Chapman definitely and personally with these interests. Yet the fact remains that on the ethical side the Virtue he glorified was always typically and even extravagantly masculine. A contempt for women and the abuse which Chapman so frequently pours upon them seems to fit in with these masculine ideals. He will not admit that "what excites the bed's desire" can be called love;

*For when love kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in virtue and effects divine,
And is in friendship chaste and masculine.*

Yet it is a mistake to think that Chapman always remains disinterested or aloof where women are con-

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cerned, though, as Ward says, he studied rather than loved them. He reprobated brutal passion, but he sometimes wrote admirably of love between man and woman, in *All Fools*, and again in the memorable espousal scene of *The Gentleman Usher*; here and there elsewhere. Even in *The Widow's Tears*, where the vituperation of women is concentrated, we find coupled together—

*damned opinions and unhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood, of all humanity,
Nay, Deity itself.*

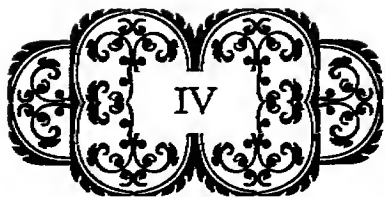
In one place, it may be noted, he remarks that while Homer's epic is masculine, Virgil's is "that of a woman", which is hardly an "unhallowed" thought of womanhood. He seems to show himself sympathetic to the special conditions affecting women, "the miserable condition of her sex: born to live under all constriction: if she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton: if she be kind, she's too willing: if coy, too wilful: if she be modest, she's a clown: if she be honest, she's a fool". There is, indeed, as little consistency in Chapman's attitude towards women as in Donne's. This may not indeed be offensive to women. At all events a woman who is studying Donne wrote lately to me with reference to his opinions of women swinging from one extreme to the other: "I rather enjoy being 'called for everything'".

Dr Janet Spens would seek to harmonise the extremes, arguing that while on one side Chapman goes

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back to the morality of the Middle Ages, he also on the other side goes forward. In this matter, she believes, he may have been under the influence of Spenser who was deeply interested in the relations between men and women. Spenser may have suggested to Chapman the possibility of an ideal society in which friendship, with the open inspiration of women, took the place of the unreal and unmoral love of a past age. *Bussy* and *Monsieur d'Olive* are instructive for Chapman's moral attitude towards problems of love and women.

The paradoxes and contradictions of Chapman remain so long as we seek to approach him on the same plane. We are not on the same plane, and for us it can never exist. We see him best when we look at him afar and in the large outlines. It may be refreshing to turn to the pages of Mr T. S. Eliot's various essays on the Elizabethans to whom he has brought what may seem to some an unexpectedly sympathetic and penetrating criticism. Chapman, who might appear specially alien and resistant to Mr Eliot's doctrine of "depersonalisation", is again and again brought forward on his pages for eulogy. He was potentially, as Mr Eliot views him, perhaps the greatest artist of the men with whom he may be grouped, his mind the most classical, his drama the most independent in its movement towards form. He stands with Marlowe and Jonson as the great figures of his age in dramatic poetry who would have been great even if Shakespeare had never lived.



It is time to sum up. Chapman appears before us, to-day, standing between two younger men, Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Marlowe was the typical artist of the English Renaissance. It was beauty that he sought everywhere, and the complete aesthetic utterance of his own aspiring and audacious nature; Ben Jonson was the critic of the movement; using the word in its large sense as the critic of life, in the Goethean sense, the keen critic of men, the student whose interests were wide, and whose vision was clear and searching. And as Marlowe was the artist, and Jonson the critic, so we might call Chapman the moralist of the English Renaissance.

About Marlowe there is little consciousness of ethics, though he more than any other may be called Chapman's master. The obvious unlikeness of the rugged Homer-Lucan, as Daniel termed him, to the incomparable lover of ideal beauty who died so young has probably caused his influence to be under-rated. Yet it is distinct and must in all Chapman's early work, poems and plays alike, perpetually arrest the attention of the reader familiar with Marlowe. It is not seen merely in his imagery and allusions; it lies in the very structure of his strong and uplifted verse. The inheritor of Marlowe's "mighty line", he threw into

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it a more various, lofty, and spiritual eloquence. This influence also comes out in the soaring and ambitious temper of Chapman's heroes; what he called Marlowe's "free soul" appealed to him; the audacious Bussy sometimes recalls Faustus; Byron, his central hero and most interesting figure, is an elderly Tamburlaine moralized and more unwieldy. It is obviously to Marlowe's earlier work that Chapman was chiefly attracted. *Edward II* represents the effort after a perfection of tone and outline almost Greek, to which Chapman with all his fervid love for the "ancient Greek souls", and his greater knowledge, never attained.

Here Chapman was like his friend Jonson, who, with the same classic ardour as himself, was scarcely among those to whom the Hellenic spirit has been revealed. What, however, seems chiefly to unite these two men, Chapman and Jonson, is that they, almost alone of the chief dramatists of the time, were not dramatists first. Shakespeare deliberately chose to sacrifice everything to the stage, and, if we may trust vague allusions in his sonnets, it was not without remorse. With few exceptions, all his fellow-dramatists looked at life from the standpoint of the stage. Jonson and Chapman would not and could not do this. Jonson's interests in men and in knowledge were too strong; Chapman was too absorbed in the ethical problems of human conduct and in his own large and irrepressible personality. He wrote for the stage but he seems to have felt contempt for the stage.

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The "divine discipline of Poesy", as understood by Chapman, had for its chief object to "inform the soul". Poetry for him is nothing if not "an excitation to heroical life". Of "poetical licence" he will not hear, no artist, he tells us, being "so strictly and inextricably confined to all the laws of learning, wisdom, and truth as a Poet". That this is the aim in his best short poems is sufficiently clear, most of them indeed having been called forth by heroic deeds or magnanimous personalities.

Chapman expresses his ideal of life under the form of the word Virtue. We do not nowadays talk with enthusiasm about abstract Virtue and we must be careful to distinguish Chapman's Virtue from the colourless patterns of convention. This Virtue is a wild offshoot of free and energetic Stoicism grafted on the exuberant stock of the Elizabethan Renaissance. It is, in accordance with etymology, the quality of manhood, of virile and unfettered energy; as Lowell puts it, it is "that kind of purity recalling Hamlet's word 'robustness', and seems to be shouted through a speaking-trumpet in a gale of wind". For Chapman there is no title in the world greater than that of "man":

Man is a name of honour for a king.

As he exclaims elsewhere:

*Let me learn anything that fits a man,
In any stables shown as well as stages!*

And what is great in man is for Chapman his reason.

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*Be all the earth
Rapt with this error, I'll pursue my reason,
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
The eternal law of Heaven and earth no firmer,*

he makes Cato, one of his favourite heroes, exclaim. It is this "reason", the inward law, that makes man superior to all outward law. The same Cato speaks of

*men's liberties to bear
Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands.*

And in words which are perhaps the most memorable that Chapman ever wrote, the splendid outburst of Byron when he learns his fate from the astrologer:

*Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man who knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.*

The same spirit is brought to the consideration of marriage in the *Gentleman Usher*, when the two lovers

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are debarred from a legal union. Margaret proposes that God shall take the place of priest:*

*May we not now
Our contract make and marry before Heaven?
Are not the laws of God and Nature more
Than formal laws of men? Are outward rites
More virtuous than the very substance is
Of holy nuptials solemniz'd within?
Or shall laws made to curb the common world,
That would not be contain'd in form without them,
Hurt them that are a law unto themselves?*

The somewhat disdainful way in which Chapman speaks of kings—"idle and ridiculous kings"—again flowed naturally from his conception of manhood and personal moral responsibility. There is something quite unreal and almost jocular in the tone, humble as it is, of Chapman's petition in prison to James I; this in striking contrast to that of Ben Jonson's petitions which are correct and to the point.

*Dear friend, we must not be more true to kings
Than kings are to their subjects,*

* It may be worth noting that Ward, writing in the Victorian age, though he cherished what some critics consider an excessive admiration for Chapman, remarks of this passage that it shows "a strange recklessness of feeling with regard to the institution of marriage". Yet nothing could be more of the essence of Chapman.

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says Byron. It was a maxim that might have been on the lips of the Parliament men of the succeeding reign, and commonplace as it seems to us now, who regard a king as merely the servant of the State, it was a bolder thing to say in the reign of that "sanctified Person" whom the grave and learned men who prepared the authorised version of the Bible worshipped in such beautiful language. It is even as the representatives of law that Chapman rates kings lightly.

*When I am wronged, and that law fails to right me,
Let me be king myself, as man was made,
And do a justice that exceeds the law.*

.

*Who to himself is law no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.*

In a remarkable passage in *Bussy* Chapman explains that kingship owes its rise to an abrogation of natural kingship on the part of the subject. D'Ambois was—

*A man so good that only would uphold
Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall
All our dimensions rise ; that in himself
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knows he comprehends
Worth with the greatest ; kings had never borne
Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintained the spirit and state of D'Ambois ;
Nor had the full impartial hand of Nature,*

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*That all things gave in her original,
Without these definite terms of mine and thine,
Been turned unjustly to the hand of Fortune
Had all preserved her in her prime, like D'Ambois ;
No envy, no disjunction had dissolved,
Or plucked one stick out of the golden faggot
In which the world of Saturn bound our lives,
Had all been held together with the nerves,
The genius and the ingenuous soul of D'Ambois.*

Yet, notwithstanding the large thoughts that stirred in Chapman's soul and that dominate his work, he never loses his peculiar and emphatic vision of the way in which the poet should carry out his lofty mission. "That Poesy should be as perval as Oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism....It serves not a skilful Painter's turn to draw the figure of a face only to make known who it represents; but he must limn, give lustre, shadow, and heightening; which, though ignorants will esteem spiced, and too curious, yet such as have the judicial perspective will see it hath motion, spirit, and life. There is no confection made to last, but it is admitted more cost and skill than presently-to-be-used simples; and, in my opinion, that which, being with a little endeavour searched, adds a kind of majesty to Poesy, is better than that which every Cobbler may sing to his patch." This is what Chapman writes in the Dedication to *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* which is his chief manifesto on style. He expresses the same thing again

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when he praises Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* in beautiful lines that enshrine a false thought:

*The other falls within the common sense,
And sheds like common light her influence.
So were your Play no Poem but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing.*

There, again, is Chapman's disdain for the mob. "The same body, the same beauty, a thousand men seeing, only the man whose blood is fitted hath that which he calls his soul enamoured." This contempt for the "ungodly vulgars", and the literary obscurity which grew out of it, were part of Chapman's Stoicism; it was the aristocracy of "absolute and full souls". A great dramatist of a later age, Ibsen, preached the same doctrine, but Ibsen was careful that his literary form should be as clear and simple as he could make it, to win over the multitude, if he might, to the side of natural aristocracy. Chapman's attitude has been sufficiently revenged. While Thames watermen sang *Hero and Leander*—Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*—as they plied the oar, just as Venetian gondoliers sang Ariosto and Tasso, and while Heywood and Dekker and even Shakespeare were the delight of city apprentices, Chapman—except, it may be, in his earlier and least personal plays—never formed part of the spiritual fare of the people. He complains that his readers ever received with the left hand what he gave with the right, and he retorts fiercely to the sarcasms flung at him. Yet there are signs that he realised sometimes that the

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fault was not altogether on the side of the reader. In a poem addressed to his "admired and soul-loved friend", Master Harriot, he exclaims—

*Oh, had your perfect eye organs to pierce
Into that chaos whence this stifled verse
By violence breaks, where glow-worm-like doth shine,
In nights of sorrow, this hid soul of mine ;
And how her genuine forms struggle for birth,
Under the claws of this foul panther earth!*

And again, in *Tears of Peace*, a sort of religious dialogue which from its intimate character and unfailing eloquence is among his most interesting pieces, he refers again and again to the defective utterance in his poems,

*their strangeness, and their too ill grace,
And too much wretchedness to bear the face
Of any likeness of my soul in them.*

For a large part of his work we must accept this confession; there is little more to be said, save that, in his own words: "Those that beforehand have a radiant and light-bearing intellect, will say that they can pass through Corinna's garden without the help of a lantern".

Chapman's personality remains interesting for us even when we grow tired of his work; he was sometimes a great poet, he was always a great Englishman of "absolute and full soul". As the centuries go by, we realise, as we look back, that it is only in our more

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strenuous moments—in youth or at periods of spiritual revolution—that we turn to him for delight; but at those moments we always find in him the “excitation to heroical life”, the contagious enthusiasm of all those things which, in his own phrase, heighten man’s transition into God. To read Chapman is to experience the strong invigoration of a stiff breeze in mid-South Atlantic: you can scarcely keep your feet—but the exhilaration of it!

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES



OVID'S BANQUET OF SENSE

¶ Epistle Dedicatory to the truly
learned and my worthy friend,
Master Matthew Roydon

Such is the wilful poverty of judgements, sweet Matthew, wandering like passportless men, in contempt of the divine discipline of Poesy, that a man may well fear to frequent their walks. The profane multitude I hate, and only consecrate my strange Poems to these searching spirits, whom learning hath made noble, and nobility sacred; endeavouring that material Oration, which you call Schema; varying in some rare fiction, from popular custom, even for the pure sakes of ornament and utility; this of Euripides exceeding sweetly relishing with me: Lentem coquens ne quicquam dentis addito.

But that Poesy should be as pervial as Oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism, and to make the Ass run proud of his ears; to take away strength from Lions, and give Camels horns.

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That Energia, or clearness of representation, required in absolute Poems, is not the perspicuous delivery of a low invention ; but high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase. It serves not a skilful Painter's turn to draw the figure of a face only to make known who it represents ; but he must limn, give lustre, shadow, and heightening ; which though ignorants will esteem spiced, and too curious, yet such as have the judicial perspective will see it hath motion, spirit, and life.

There is no confection made to last, but it is admitted more cost and skill than presently-to-be-used simples ; and in my opinion, that which being with a little endeavour searched, adds a kind of majesty to Poesy, is better than that which every Cobbler may sing to his patch.

Obscurity in affection of words, and indigested conceits, is pedantical and childish ; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure, and expressive Epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed. Rich Minerals are digged out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superficies and dust of it ; charms made of unlearned characters are not consecrate by the Muses, which are divine artists, but by Euippe's daughters, that challenged them with mere nature, whose breasts I doubt not had been well worthy commendation, if their comparison had not turned them into Pyes.

Thus (not affecting glory for mine own slight labours, but desirous other should be more worthily glorious, nor professing sacred Poesy in any degree), I thought good to submit to your apt judgement, acquainted long since with the true habit of Poesy ; and now, since your labouring wits endeavour heaven-high thoughts of Nature, you have actual means to sound the philosophical conceits, that my new pen so seriously courteth. I know,

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*that empty, and dark spirits, will complain of palpable night:
but those that beforehand have a radiant and light-bearing in-
tellect, will say they can pass through Corinna's Garden without
the help of a Lantern.*

Your own most worthily and sincerely affected,

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¶ For his mistress Philosophy

*Muses that sing Love's sensual Empery,
And Lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires,
You that prefer the painted Cabinet
Before the wealthy Jewels it doth store yee,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory,
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love, and honour's complete history;
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your God is blind.*

ΣΚΙΑ ΝΥΚΤΟΣ: THE SHADOW OF NIGHT

¶ Hymnus in noctem

*Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests burl'd,
And cleanse this beastly stable of the world;
Or bend thy brazen bow against the Sun,
As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begun*

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*Thy task of oxen: heat in more extremes
Than thou wouldst suffer, with his envious beams. .
Now make him leave the world to Night and dreams.
Never were virtue's labours so envied
As in this light: shoot, shoot, and stoop his pride.
Suffer no more his lustful rays to get
The Earth with issue: let him still be set
In Somnus' thickets: bound about the brows,
With pitchy vapours, and with Ebon boughs.*

*Rich-taper'd sanctuary of the blest,
Palace of Ruth, made all of tears, and rest,
To thy black shades and desolation
I consecrate my life ; and living moan,
Where furies shall for ever fighting be,
And adders hiss the world for hating me,
Foxes shall bark, and Night-ravens belch in groans,
And owls shall hollow my confusions:
There will I furnish up my funeral bed,
Strew'd with the bones and relics of the dead.
Atlas shall let th' Olympic burthen fall,
To cover my untombed face withal.
And when as well, the matter of our kind,
As the material substance of the mind,
Shall cease their revolutions, in abode
Of such impure and ugly period,
As the old essence, and insensive prime:
Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time,
Turn'd to that lump (as rapting torrents rise),
For ever murmur forth my miseries.*

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HERO AND LEANDER

¶ Epithalamion Teratos

*Come, come, dear Night, Love's Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.*

*Oh, come, soft rest of Cares, come, Night,
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.*

Love calls to war,
Sighs his Alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Arms.

*Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's out-facing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our Nuptial grace.*

Love calls to war,
Sighs his Alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Arms.

*No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of Discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.*

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*Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.*

Love calls to war,
Sighs his Alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Arms.

A RELATION OF THE SECOND VOYAGE TO GUIANA

¶ De Guiana, carmen epicum

*Riches, and Conquest, and Renown I sing,
Riches with honour, Conquest without blood,
Enough to seat the Monarchy of earth,
Like to Jove's eagle, on Eliza's hand.*

*Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of Stars,
Stands on her tip-toes at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast,
And every sign of all submission making,
To be her sister, and the daughter both
Of our most sacred Maid; whose barrenness
Is the true fruit of virtue, that may get,
Bear and bring forth anew in all perfection,
What heretofore savage corruption held
In barbarous Chaos; and in this affair
Become her father, mother, and her heir.*

.

*But you Patrician Spirits that refine
Your flesh to fire, and issue like a flame*

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*On brave endeavours, knowing that in them
The tract of heaven in morn-like glory opens,
That know you cannot be the Kings of earth,
(Claiming the Rights of your creation)
And let the Mines of earth be Kings of you ;
That are so far from doubting likely drifts,
That in things hardest y' are most confident.
You that know death lives, where power lives unused,
Joying to shine in waves that bury you,
And so make way for life even through your graves ;
That will not be content like horse to hold
A thread-bare beaten way to home affairs ;
But where the sea in envy of your reign,
Closeth her womb, as fast as 'tis disclos'd,
That she like Avarice might swallow all,
And let none find right passage through her rage ;
There your wise souls, as swift as Eurys lead
Your bodies through, to profit and renown,
And scorn to let your bodies choke your souls
In the rude breath and prison'd life of beasts ;
You that herein renounce the course of earth,
And lift your eyes for guidance to the stars,
That live not for yourselves, but to possess
Your honour'd country of a general store ;
In pity of the spoil rude self-love makes
Of them whose lives and yours one air doth feed,
One soil doth nourish, and one strength combine ;
You that are blest with sense of all things noble,
In this attempt your complete worths redouble.*

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EUTHYMIÆ RAPTUS: THE TEARS OF PEACE

¶ A sentence of Peace

*'Free sufferance for the truth, makes sorrow sing,
And mourning far more sweet, than banqueting.*

¶ Time gives her state's description

*Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,
Gash'd all with gushing wounds ; and all the forms
Of bane, and misery, frowning in her face ;
Whom Tyranny, and Injustice, had in Chase ;
Grim Persecution, Poverty, and Shame ;
Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap and lame ;
Scruple of Conscience ; Fear, Deceit, Despair ;
Slander, and Clamour, that rent all the Air ;
Hate, War, and Massacre ; uncrowned Toil ;
And Sickness (t' all the rest the Base and Foil)
Crept after ; and his deadly weight, trod down
Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a Crown.
These usher'd her far off ; as figures given
To show, these Crosses borne, make peace with heaven.
But now (made free from them) next her before,
Peaceful, and young, Herculean Silence bore
His craggy Club ; which up aloft, he bild ;
With which, and his fore-finger's charmi he still'd
All sounds in air ; and left so free mine ears,
That I might hear the music of the Spheres,
And all the Angels, singing out of heaven ;
Whose tunes were solemn (as to passion given) ;*

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*For now, that Justice was the Happiness there
For all the wrongs to Right, inflicted here.
Such was the Passion that Peace now put on ;
And on, all went ; when suddenly was gone
All light of heaven before us ; from a wood,
Whose sight foreseen (now lost) amaz'd we stood,
The Sun still gracing us ; when now (the Air
Inflam'd with Meteors) we discover'd fair,
The skipping Goat ; the Horse's flaming Mane ;
Bearded and trained Comets ; Stars in wane ;
The burning Sword, the Firebrand-flying Snake ;
The Lance ; the Torch ; the Licking fire ; the Drake ;
And all else Meteors that did ill abode.
The thunder chid ; the lightning leap'd abroad ;
And yet, when Peace came in, all heaven was clear ;
And then, did all the horrid wood appear,
Where mortal dangers, more than leaves did grow ;
In which we could not one free step bestow,
For treading on some murther'd Passenger,
Who thither was, by witchcraft, forc'd to err :
Whose face the bird hid that loves Humans best ;
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy Breast,
And is the yellow Autumn's Nightingale.*

PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS

¶ Of friendship

*Now I am old, my old friends' loves I wish,
As I am good, and more old, grow more fresh.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Friends constant, not like lakes are, standing ever,
But like sweet streams, ever the same, yet never ;
Still profiting themselves, and perfecting.
And as a river furthest from his spring,
Takes virtue of his course, and all the way
Greater and greater grows, till with the sea
He combats for his empire, and gets in,
Curling his billows, till his stile he win :
So worthy men should make good to their ends,
Increase of goodness ; such men make thy friends.
Such nobler are, the poorer was their source ;
And though with crooks and turns, yet keep their course ;
Though till their strength, they did some weakness show
(All thanks to God yet), now it is not so.
Will is the garden first, then Knowledge plants ;
Who knows and wills well, never virtue wants :
Though oft he fail in good, he nought neglects ;
The affect, not the effect, God respects.
But as the Academics ever rate
A man for learning, with that estimate
They made of him, when in the schools he liv'd ;
And howsoe'er he scatter'd since, or thriv'd,
Still they esteem him as they held him then :
So fares it with the dooms of vulgar men ;
If once they knew a man defective, still
The stain sticks by him ; better be his skill,
His life and parts, till quite refin'd from him
He was at first ; good drowns, ill still doth swim :
Best men are long in making ; he that soon
Sparkles and flourishes, as soon is gone.*

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¶ Of the soul

*The Soul serves with her functions to excite,
Abhor, prepare, and order appetite,
Cause aversation, and susception:
In all which, all her ill is built upon
Ill-receiv'd judgements; which reform with good;
And as with ill she yielded to thy blood,
And made thy pleasures God and man displease,
She will as well set both their powers at peace,
With righteous habits, and delight thee more
With doing good now than with ill before.*

¶ Of learned men

*Who knows not truth, knows nothing; who what's best
Knows not, not truth knows.* Who (alone profess
In that which best is) lives bad, best not knows,
Since with that Best and Truth, such joy still goes,
That he that finds them, cannot but dispose
His whole life to them. Servile Avarice can
Profane no liberal knowledge-coveting man.
Such hypocrites opinion only have,
Without the mind's use:† which doth more deprave
Their knowing powers, than if they nought did know.‡
For if with all the sciences they flow,
Not having that, that such joy brings withal
As cannot in unlearn'd men's courses fall:*

* Si absit scientia optimi, nihil scitur.

† Qui opinioni absque mente consenserint.

‡ Prodest multis non nosse quicquam.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

As with a tempest they are rapt past hope
Of knowing Truth, because they think his scope
Is in their tongues, much reading, speech profuse,
Since they are means to Truth in their true use:
But 'tis a fashion for the damned crew,†
One thing to praise, another to pursue:
As those learn'd men do, that in words prefer
Heaven and good life, yet in their lives so err,
That all heaven is not broad enough for them
To hit or aim at, but the vulgar stream
Hurries them headlong with it: and no more
They know or shall know than the rudest boor.*

ALL FOOLS

¶ Valerio speaks of love

*I tell thee, Love is Nature's second Sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the Sun, the World's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of Art and Nature,
Are given in vain to men; so without Love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For Love informs them as the Sun doth colours;
And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;*

* Nonne meritò, multa tempestate jactabitur?

† Absurdum alia laudare, alia sequi.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.*

THE GENTLEMAN USHER

¶ *Margaret would marry not the Duke Alphonso
but Vincentio his son*

Mar. *May not we now
Our contract make, and marry before Heaven?
Are not the laws of God and Nature more
Than formal laws of men? Are outward rites
More virtuous than the very substance is
Of holy nuptials solemniz'd within?
Or shall laws made to curb the common world,
That would not be contain'd in form without them,
Hurt them that are a law unto themselves?
My princely love, 'tis not a Priest shall let us;
But since th' eternal acts of our pure souls
Knit us with God, the soul of all the world,
He shall be Priest to us; and with such rites
As we can here devise, we will express
And strongly ratify our hearts' true vows,
Which no external violence shall dissolve.*

Vin. *This is our only mean t' enjoy each other:
And, my dear life, I will devise a form
To execute the substance of our minds
In honour'd nuptials. First then hide your face*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*With this your spotless white and virgin veil;
Now this my scarf I'll knit about your arm,
As you shall knit this other end on mine;
And as I knit it, here I vow by Heaven,
By the most sweet imaginary joys
Of untried nuptials; by Love's ushering fire
Fore-melting beauty, and Love's flame itself,
As this is soft and pliant to your arm
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will
As of mine own, as of my life and soul,
In all things, and for ever; only you
Shall have this care in fulness, only you
Of all dames shall be mine, and only you
I'll court, commend and joy in, till I die.*

Mar. *With like conceit on your arm this I tie,
And here in sight of Heaven, by it I swear
By my love to you, which commands my life,
By the dear price of such a constant husband,
As you have vow'd to be, and by the joy
I shall embrace by all means to requite you:
I'll be as apt to govern as this silk,
As private as my face is to this veil,
And as far from offence as this from blackness.
I will be courted of no man but you;
In, and for you shall be my joys and woes:
If you be sick, I will be sick, though well;
If you be well, I will be well, though sick:
Yourself alone my complete world shall be
Even from this hour, to all eternity.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

¶ The opening of the comedy: *Vandome*, with
servants and sailors laden; *Vaumont*,
another way walking

Van. Convey your carriage to my brother-in-law's,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne, to whom and to my sister
Commend my humble service; tell them both
Of my arrival, and intent t' attend them,
When in my way I have perform'd fit duties
To Count Vaumont, and his most honoured Countess.

Ser. We will, Sir. This way, follow, honest Sailors.
[Exeunt Servants and Sailors]

Van. Our first observance after any absence
Must be presented ever to our Mistress,
As at our parting she should still be last.
Hinc amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said
That love is like a circle, being th' efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worse object than my matchless mistress
Were worthy to employ us to that likeness,
And be the only ring our powers should beat.
Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue.
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular Musician
To a sweet Instrument, or else as doctrine
Is to the soul that puts it into Act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Her eminent judgement to dispose these parts,
Sits on her brow and holds a silver Sceptre,
With which she keeps time to the several musics
Plac'd in the sacred consort of her beauties :
Love's complete armoury is manag'd in her
To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces less than circular.
Yet her even carriage, is as far from coyness
As from Immodesty, in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness ;
In use of places, hours, and companies,
Free as the Sun, and nothing more corrupted ;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the Centre to observe them ;
Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,
In all her courses ever at the full.
These three years I have travell'd, and so long
Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautify the enamour'd light.
This is her house. What! The gates shut and clear
Of all attendants! Why, the house was wont
To hold the usual concourse of a Court,
And see, methinks, through the encurtain'd windows
(In this high time of day) I see light tapers.
This is exceeding strange! Behold the Earl,
Walking in as strange sort before the door.
I'll know this wonder, sure. My honour'd Lord!
Vaum. Keep off, Sir, and beware whom you embrace!*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

Van. *Why flies your Lordship back?*

Vaum. *You should be sure*

To know a man your friend ere you embrac'd him.

Van. *I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
Than of your Lordship's friendship.*

Vaum. *No man's knowledge*

*Can make him sure of anything without him,
Or not within his power to keep, or order.*

Van. *I comprehend not this; and wonder much
To see my most lov'd Lord so much estrang'd.*

Vaum. *The truth is, I have done your known deserts
More wrong, than with your right should let you greet me,
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.*

Van. *If this be all, my Lord, the discontent
You seem to entertain is merely causeless;
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever
Your misconceit could make you lay on me.
And therefore, good my Lord, discover it,
That we may take the spleen and corsie from it.*

Vaum. *Then hear a strange report and reason why
I did you this repented injury.*

*You know my wife is by the rights of courtship
Your chosen Mistress, and she not dispos'd
(As other Ladies are) to entertain
Peculiar terms with common acts of kindness;
But (knowing in her more than women's judgement
That she should nothing wrong her husband's right,
To use a friend, only for virtue chosen,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*With all the rights of friendship) took such care
After the solemn parting to your travel,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That I grew jealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindness, utterly forgetting
I should have weigh'd so rare a woman's words
As duties of a free and friendly justice,
Not as the headstrong and incontinent vapours
Of other Ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust;
Wherein I injured both your innocencies,
Which I approve, not out of flexible dotage,
By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartial equity, made apparent
Both by mine own well-weigh'd comparison
Of all her other manifest perfections
With this one only doubtful levity,
And likewise by her violent apprehension
Of her deep wrong and yours, for she hath vow'd
Never to let the common Pandress light
(Or any doom as vulgar) censure her
In any action she leaves subject to them,
Never to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her presence, nourish in it
(Unless with sleep) nor stir out of her chamber;
And so hath muffled and mew'd up her beauties
In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transform'd by her to night,
With all Sun banish'd from her smother'd graces;
And thus my dear and most unmatched wife
That was a comfort and a grace to me,*

GEORGE .CHAPMAN

*In every judgement, every company,
I, by false Jealousy, have no less than lost,
Murther'd her living, and entomb'd her quick.*

*Van. Conceit it not so deeply, good my Lord;
Your wrong to me or her was no fit ground
To bear so weighty and resolv'd a vow,
From her incensed and abused virtues.*

*Vaum. There could not be a more important cause
To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light,
To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,
And frown on continence with her oblique glances:
As nothing equals right to virtue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.*

*Van. Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties, and the applause
Given to the worth of her society,
To let a voluntary vow obscure them?*

*Vaum. See all her windows and her doors made fast,
And in her Chamber lights for night inflam'd;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.*

*Van. This news is strange; heaven grant I be encounter'd
With better tidings of my other friends!
Let me be bold, my Lord, t' inquire the state
Of my dear sister, in whose self and me
Survives the whole hope of our family,
Together with her dear and princely husband,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne.*

Vaum. Unhappy that I am,

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*I would to heaven your most welcome steps
Had brought you first upon some other friend,
To be the sad Relater of the changes
Chanc'd in your three years' most lamented absence.
Your worthy sister, worthier far of Heaven
Than this unworthy hell of passionate Earth,
Is taken up amongst her-fellow Stars.*

*Van. Unhappy man that ever I return'd,
And perish'd not ere these news pierc'd mine ears!*

*Vaum. Nay, be not you, that teach men comfort, grieved;
I know your judgement will set willing shoulders
To the known burthens of necessity,
And teach your wilful brother patience,
Who strives with Death, and from his caves of rest
Retains his wife's dead Corse amongst the living;
For with the rich sweets of restoring Balms
He keeps her looks as fresh as if she liv'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attir'd)
She in a chair sits leaning on her arm,
As if she only slept; and at her feet
He, like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
All his life's comfort; and that, she being dead
(Who was his greatest part) he must consume
As in an Apoplexy strook with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Duchess comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters
From the kind King of France, who is allied
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Up to another world where she expects him,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,
Solemn and Tragical, and so resolves
In those sad accents to exhale his soul.*

*Van. Oh, what a second ruthless Sea of woes
Wracks me within my Haven and on the Shore!
What shall I do? Mourn, mourn, with them that mourn,
And make my greater woes their less expel;
This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears,
And this next even, which is my mistress' morning,
I'll greet her, wond'ring at her wilful humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Love
And duty to her honour, make her see
How much her too much curious virtue wrongs her.*

*Vaum. Said like the man the world hath ever held you!
Welcome as new lives to us; our good now
Shall wholly be ascrib'd and trust to you.*

[Exeunt

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

¶ *D'Olive, the Duke, Roderigue, Mugeron:
D'Olive discourses of tobacco*

Duke. What was the matter, pray?

D'Ol. The matter, Sir,

*Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Call'd into question; and 'twas this in brief:*

We sate, as I remember, all in rout,

All sorts of men together:

A Squire and a Carpenter, a Lawyer and a Sawyer,

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*A Merchant and a Broker, a Justice and a Peasant,
And so forth, without all difference.*

Duke. *But what was the matter?*

D'Ol. *'Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled;
And I am fearful I shall shame myself,
The subject is so threadbare.*

Duke. *'Tis no matter,
Be as it will; go to the point, I pray.*

D'Ol. *Then thus it is: the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in brief
Whether in an Aristocracy,
Or in a Democratical estate,
Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part——*

Mug. {	<i>Pray thee to the point!</i>
Rod. }	

D'Ol. *First to the point then,
Upstart a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,
That had borne office in the congregation,
A little fellow, and yet great in spirit;
I never shall forget him, for he was
A most hot-liver'd enemy to Tobacco,
His face was like the ten of Diamonds
Pointed eachwhere with pushes, and his nose
Was like the Ace of Clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him and Tobacco first
At such hot enmity); for that nose of his
(According to the Puritanic cut),
Having a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopp'd
His narrow passage, fled back as it came
And went away in pet.*

Mug. *Just cause of quarrel!*

Duke. *But, pray thee, briefly say what said the weaver?*

D'Ol. *The weaver, Sir, much like a virginal jack
Start nimble up; the colour of his beard
I scarce remember; but purblind he was
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear
Shorter than t'other for a difference.*

Duke. *A man of very open note, it seems.*

D'Ol. *He was so, Sir, and hotly he inveigh'd
Against Tobacco (with a most strong breath,
For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savoury),
Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the Word; invented, sure, by Sathan
In these our latter days to cast a mist
Before men's eyes that they might not behold
The grossness of old superstition,
Which is, as 'twere, deriv'd into the Church
From the foul sink of Romish popery,
And that it was a judgement on our land
That the substantial commodities
And mighty blessings of this Realm of France,
Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like,
Which had brought so much wealth into the land,
Should now be chang'd into the smoke of vanity,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*The smoke of superstition: for his own part
 He held a Garlic clove, being sanctified,
 Did edify more the body of a man
 Than a whole ton of this profane Tobacco,
 Being ta'en without thanksgiving; in a word
 He said it was a rag of Popery,
 And none that were truly regenerate would
 Profane his Nostrils with the smoke thereof;
 And speaking of your Grace behind your back,
 He charg'd and conjur'd you to see the use
 Of vain Tobacco banish'd from the land,
 For fear lest, for the great abuse thereof,
 Our candle were put out: and therewithal
 Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth
 As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noise
 To the old strain, as if he were preparing
 For a new exercise. But I myself
 (Angry to hear this generous Tobacco,
 The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,
 So ignorantly polluted) stood me up,
 Took some Tobacco for a compliment,
 Brake phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears,
 And lick'd my lips, as if I begg'd attention,
 And so, directing me to your sweet Grace,
 Thus I replied:*

Rod. }
 Mug. } *Room for a speech there! Silence!*

D'Ol. *I am amused; or, I am in a quandary, gentlemen,
 (for in good faith I remember not well whether of them was my
 words)—*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

Duke. 'Tis no matter, either of them will serve the turn.

D'Ol. *Whether I should (as the poet says) eloquar, an siliam? whether by answering a fool I should myself seem no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but wind) I might betray the cause; to the maintenance whereof all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent) owe all their patrimonies, and, if need be, their dearest blood and their sweetest breath.—I would not be tedious to your Highness.*

Duke. You are not, Sir; proceed!

D'Ol. *Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof (as of fifth element) the world cannot want, is that little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged, where you may see Earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe out an exhalation which, ent'ring in at the mouth, walks through the Regions of a man's brain, drives out all ill Vapours but itself, draws down all bad Humours by the mouth, which in time might breed a Scab over the whole body, if already they have not: a plant of singular use; for, on the one side, Nature being an Enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and, on the other, there being so many empty brains in the World as there are, how shall Nature's course be continued? How shall these empty brains be filled, but with air, Nature's immediate instrument to that purpose? If with air, what so proper as your fume? What fume so healthful as your perfume? What perfume so sovereign as Tobacco? Besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit (as they can best judge that have been present at a feast of Tobacco, where commonly all good wits are consorted) what variety of discourse it begets, what sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear!*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ The opening of the tragedy: enter
Bussy d'Ambois, poor

Bus. *Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honour on his head;
Who is not poor, is monstrous; only Need
Gives form and worth to every human seed.
As Cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of Fortune
Think they bear all the Kingdom's worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossic Statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'er-spread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
Man is a Torch borne in the wind; a Dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great Seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a Girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (coming near their Haven)*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor, staid fisherman, that never pass'd
His Country's sight, to waft and guide them in :
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy Glory, and the Gulfs of State,
Topt with all Titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private Arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwrack in our safest Port.* [Procumbit

Enter Monsieur, with two Pages

Mo. *There is no second place in numerous State
That holds more than a Cipher ; in a King
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;
His deeds inimitable, like the Sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of Precedent for mean men's facts :
There's but a Thread betwixt me and a Crown,
I would not wish it cut, unless by nature ;
Yet to prepare me for that possible Fortune,
'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.
I follow'd D'Ambois to this green Retreat ;
A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure Abodes ;
But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state, and flourish ;
In his Rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None loathes the world so much, nor loves to scoff it,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
What, D'Ambois?*

Bu. *He, Sir.*

Mo. *Turn'd to Earth, alive?
Up, man; the Sun shines on thee.*

Bu. *Let it shine:
I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.*

Mo. *Callest thou men great in state, mores in the Sun?
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the gross Sicilian Gourmandist)
Empty their noses in the Cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the Banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean Darkness like thy Death.
Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th'Athenian State,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who lived twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his Country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruin; and like burnish'd Steel,
After long use he shined; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but renders us
Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplary not only win*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Ourselves good Names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous Deeds, by which we live.*

Bu. *What would you wish me?*

Mo. *Leave the troubled streams,
And live, where Thrivers do, at the Well-head.*

Bu. *At the Well-head? Alas, what should I do
With that enchanted Glass? See devils there?
Or (like a strumpet) learn to set my looks
In an eternal Brake, or practice juggling,
To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose;
Or bear (like Dame Schoolmistresses their Riddles)
Two Tongues, and be good only for a shift;
Flatter great Lords, to put them still in mind
Why they were made Lords; or please humorous Ladies
With a good carriage, tell them idle Tales
To make their Physic work; spend a man's life
In sights and visitations, that will make
His eyes as hollow as his Mistress' heart;
To do none good, but those that have no need;
To gain being forward, though you break for haste
All the Commandments ere you break your fast;
But believe backwards, make your Period
And Creed's last Article, "I believe in God":
And (bearing villanies preach'd) t'unfold their Art,
Learn to commit them? 'Tis a great man's Part.
Shall I learn this there?*

Mo. *No, thou need'st not learn,
Thou hast the Theory; now go there and practise.*

Bu. *Ay, in a threadbare suit; when men come there,
They must have high naps, and go from thence bare:*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*A man may drown the parts of ten rich men
In one poor suit; brave Barks and outward Gloss
Attract Court Loves, be in-parts ne'er so gross.*

*Mo. Thou shalt have Gloss enough, and all things fit
T'enchase in all show thy long-smother'd spirit:
Be ruled by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which, if her Favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise:
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.*

[Exit Monsieur. Manet Bussy]

*Bu. What will he send? Some crowns? It is to sow them
Upon my spirit, and make them spring a Crown
Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send.
Like to disparking noble Husbandmen,
He'll put his plow into me, plow me up.
But his unsweating thrift is policy,
And learning-hating policy is ignorant
To fit his seed-land soil; a smooth plain ground
Will never nourish any politic seed;
I am for honest Actions, not for great:
If I may bring up a new fashion,
And rise in Court for virtue, speed his plow!
The King hath known me long as well as he,
Yet could my Fortune never fit the length
Of both their understandings till this hour.
There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes;
As Rhetoric yet works not persuasion,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*But only is a mean to make it work:
So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries Clink in his Raiser's spirit.
Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall.
I'll venture that; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the sky.*

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ A messenger tells how Bussy avenged
his friend in fight

*Fell surcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry Unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller
That watch'd him for the Treasure of his brow,
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich Antler to the Earth:
So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurbed sword stopp'd in his heart.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ Tamyra awaits her lover

*Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadness of heart and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd hour
Fix like the Centre; make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great Existence
(The Maker's treasury) now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me!*

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ Bussy invokes the spirit Behemoth

*Never had my set brain such need of spirit
T'instruct and cheer it; now then I will claim
Performance of his free and gentle vow
T'appear in greater light, and make more plain
His rugged Oracle. I long to know
How my dear Mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed Lord. Methought the Spirit
(When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*His forehead bent, as it would hide his face,
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
Terror of darkness! O, thou King of flames!
That with thy Music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world;
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle!
Or thou great Prince of shades where never Sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest, open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear,
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.*

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ Bussy's dying speech

*Is my body, then,
But penetrable flesh? And must my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part add
No aid to th'earthly in extremity?
Then these divines are but for form, not fact:
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A Mistress and a servant; let my death
Define life nothing but a Courtier's breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death.
And if Vespasian thought in majesty
An emperor might die standing, why not I?*

[His mistress offers to help him
Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him;
For he died splinted with his chamber Grooms.
Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done:
The equal thought I bear of life and death
Shall make me faint on no side; I am up;
Here like a Roman Statue I will stand
Till death hath made me Marble. Oh, my fame,
Live in despite of murther; take thy wings
And haste thee where the grey-eyed Morn perfumes
Her rosy chariot with Sabæan spices,
Fly, where the Evening from th'Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,
Crown'd with a Grove of Oaks: fly where men feel
The burning axletree, and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Bear:
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting
To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their sighs together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall
With a fit volley for my funeral.
My Sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow,
Laid on my heart and liver) from their veins
Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks,
Into the Ocean of all human life,

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*And make it bitter, only with my blood.
O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill)
Made to express it: like a falling star
Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt
Look'd to have struck and shook the firmament.*

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

¶ A speech of Clermont, from Epictetus

*God hath the whole world perfect made and free,
His parts to th' use of th' All; men then that be
Parts of that All, must, as the general sway
Of that importeth, willingly obey
In everything without their power to change.
He that, unpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
And so resisting th' All, is crush'd with it.
But he, that knowing how divine a Frame
The whole world is; and of it all, can name,
(Without self-flattery) no part so divine,
As he himself; and therefore will confine
Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,
Goes on most God-like. He that strives t' invert
The Universal's course with his poor way,
Not only dust-like shivers with the sway,
But, crossing God in his great work, all earth
Bears not so cursed, and so damn'd a birth.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

¶ Another, from the same

*Know ye all (though far from all your aims,
Yet worth them all, and all men's endless studies)
That in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd:
A man to join himself with th' Universe
In his main sway, and make (in all things fit)
One with that All, and go on round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straits, or into nought revert,
Wishing the complete Universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as he;
But to consider, great Necessity
All things as well refract as voluntary
Reduceth to the prime celestial cause;
Which he that yields to with a man's applause,
And cheek by cheek goes, crossing it no breath,
But, like God's Image, follows to the death,
That man is truly wise, and everything
(Each cause, and every part distinguishing)
In Nature, with enough Art understands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts adorn,
And appertains to one celestial born.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY

¶ Byron contemns the ruling of the stars

*Be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves, for greatness and for height;
Untruss your slaveries; you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches;
'Tis too far off to let you, or respect you.
Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Love's t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his Sail-yards tremble, his Masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.*

BYRON'S TRAGEDY

¶ The King of France blesses the
 infant Dauphin

*My royal blessing and the King of Heaven
Make thee an aged and a happy King:
Help, Nurse, to put my sword into his hand.
Hold, Boy, by this; and with it may thy arm
Cut from thy tree of rule all trait'rous branches
That strive to shadow and eclipse thy glories.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Have thy old father's Angel for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast
(Who, when this State ran like a turbulent sea
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds
Settled and burst) and like the Halcyon's birth
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As overmatch'd with former massacres,
When guilty lust made Noblesse feed on Noblesse—
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted—
When the nak'd merchant was pursu'd for spoil,
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their pale leanness (nothing left on them
But meagre carcases sustain'd with air,
Wand'ring like Ghosts affrighted from their graves),
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And (hearing it) ran bellowing to their home:
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdoms govern'd after me.
O Heaven! or if th'unsettled blood of France
With ease, and wealth renew her civil furies,
Let all my powers be emptied in my Son
To curb, and end them all, as I have done.
Let him by virtue, quite cut off frdm Fortune
Her feather'd shoulders and her winged shoes,
And thrust from her light feet her turning stone,
That she may ever tarry by his throne.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*And of his worth let after ages say
(He fighting for the land, and bringing home
Just conquests, laden with his enemies' spoils):
His father pass'd all France in martial deeds,
But he his father twenty times exceeds.*

BYRON'S TRAGEDY

¶ Byron's last speech on the scaffold

*Farewell for ever. Never more
Shall any hope of my revival see me;
Such is the endless exile of dead men.
Summer succeeds the Spring; Autumn the Summer;
The Frosts of Winter, the fall'n leaves of Autumn:
All these, and all fruits in them yearly fade,
And every year return: but cursed man
Shall never more renew his vanish'd face.
Fall on your knees then, Statists, ere ye fall,
That you may rise again: knees bent too late,
Stick you in earth like statues: see in me
How you are pour'd down from your clearest heavens;
Fall lower yet, mix'd with th'unmoved Centre,
That your own shadows may no longer mock ye.
Strike, strike, O strike; fly, fly, commanding soul,
And on thy wings for this thy body's breath,
Bear the eternal-victory of Death!*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

ACHILLES' SHIELD

¶ To my admired and soul-loved Friend,
Master of all essential and
true knowledge,
M. Harriot

*Rich mine of knowledge, O that my strange muse,
Without this body's nourishment could use
Her zealous faculties, only t'aspire,
Instructive light from your whole sphere of fire;
But woe is me, what zeal or power soever,
My free soul hath, my body will be never
Able t'attend; never shall I enjoy
Th' end of my hapless birth; never employ
That smother'd fervour that in loathed embers
Lies swept from light, and no clear hour remembers.
O had your perfect eye organs to pierce
Into that Chaos whence this stifled verse
By violence breaks; where, glow-wormlike, doth shine
In nights of sorrow, this hid soul of mine;
And how her genuine forms struggle for birth,
Under the claws of this foul panther earth:
Then under all those forms you should discern
My love to you, in my desire to learn...
Continue then your sweet judicial kindness
To your true friend, that though this lump of blindness,
This scornful, this despis'd, invert'd world,
Whose head is fury-like with adders curl'd
And all her bulk a poison'd porcupine,
Her stings and quills darting at worths divine,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Keep under my estate with all contempt,
And make me live even from myself exempt.
Yet if you see some gleams of wrestling fire
Break from my spirit's oppression, showing desire
To become worthy to partake your skill
(Since virtue's first and chief step is to will),
Comfort me with it, and prove you affect me,
Though all the rotten spawn of earth reject me.
For though I now consume in poesy,
Yet Homer being my root I cannot die.*

HOMER PRINCE OF POETS: HIS ILIADS

¶ Epistle Dedicatory to the High-born Prince of Men, Henry, Thrice Royal Inheritor to the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, etc. : Exordium

*Since perfect happiness, by Princes sought,
Is not with birth born, nor exchequers bought;
Nor follows in great trains; nor is possess'd
With any outward state; but makes him blest
That governs inward; and beholdeth there
All his affections stand about him bare;
That by his power can send to Tower, and death
All traitorous passions, marshalling beneath
His justice his mere will; and in his mind
Holds such a sceptre, as can keep confin'd
His whole life's actions in the royal bounds
Of Virtue and Religion; and their grounds*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Takes in to sow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire ; you should learn these rights
(Great prince of men) by princely precedents ;
Which here, in all kinds, my true zeal presents
To furnish your youth's groundwork, and first State ;
And let you see one Godlike man create
All sorts of worthiest men ; to be contriv'd
In your worth only ; giving him reviv'd,
For whose life Alexander would have given
One of his kingdoms ; who (as sent from heaven,
And thinking well, that so divine a creature
Would never more enrich the race of nature)
Kept as his crown his works, and thought them still
His angels, in all power to rule his will ;
And would affirm that Homer's poesy
Did more advance his Asian victory,
Than all his armies. O ! 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing priz'd) that the right virtuous touch
Of a well-written soul to virtue moves.
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd.
How much then, were this kingdom's main soul maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls ? All Realms but yours
Are honour'd with him, and hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate :
In which, Humanity to her height is rais'd,
Which all the world (yet, none enough) bath prais'd.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalize*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

- *Their king Apollo ; being so far from cause
Of Princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes, and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung ;
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue,
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phoenix, she renews
Her age, and starry feathers in your sun ;
Thousands of years attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been
Subverted in them ; laws, religions, all
Offer'd to Change and greedy Funeral ;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves, how firm Truth builds in Poets' feigning.*

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS

¶ The Quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles

- Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess that impos'd
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls los'd
From breasts heroic ; sent them far, to that invisible cave,
· That no light comforts ; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave.
To all which Jove's will gave effect ; from whom, first strife
 began
Betwixt Atrides king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*What God gave Eris their command, and op'd that fighting
vein?*

*Jove's and Latona's son, who fir'd against the king of men,
For contumely shown his Priest, infectious sickness sent
To plague the army, and to death by troops the soldiers went.
Occasion'd thus: Chryses the Priest came to the fleet, to buy,
For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty,
The golden Sceptre, and the Crown of Phoebus in his hands
Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the commands
Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. "Great Atreus' sons",
said he,*

*"And all ye well-greav'd Greeks, the Gods, whose habitations
be*

*In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's razed
town,*

*And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wish'd re-
nown*

*Of Jove, by honouring his son (far-shooting Phoebus) deign
For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chain*

*Of my lov'd daughter's servitude." The Greeks entirely gave
Glad acclamations, for sign, that their desires would have
The grave Priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price
embrac'd.*

*The General yet bore no such mind, but viciously disgrac'd,
With violent terms, the Priest, and said: "Dotard! avoid our
fleet,*

*Where lingering be not found by me; nor thy returning feet
Let ever visit us again, lest nor thy godhead's crown,
Nor sceptre, save thee! Her thou seek'st, I still will hold mine
own,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Till age deflower her. In our Court at Argos (far transferr'd
 From her lov'd country) she shall ply her web, and see prepar'd*
 With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then no more,
 But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone". This said, the sea-beat shore,
 Obeying his high will, the Priest trod off with haste, and fear.
 And, walking silent, till he left far off his enemies' ear;
 Phoebus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd up, with a vow,
 To this stern purpose: "Hear, thou God that bear'st the silver
 bow,
 That Chrysa guard'st, rulest Tenedos with strong hand, and
 the round
 Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Smintheus! if crown'd
 With thankful offerings thy rich Fane I ever saw, or fir'd
 Fat thighs of oxen, and of goats, to thee; this grace desir'd
 Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears, let these rude Greeks repay,
 Forc'd with thy arrows". Thus he pray'd, and Phoebus heard
 him pray;
 And vex'd at heart, down from the tops of steep heaven stoop'd;
 his bow,
 And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his shoulders throw;
 And of the angry deity the arrows as he mov'd
 Rattl'd about him. Like the night he rang'd the host, and roved
 (Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-loosing hand
 His silver bow twang'd; and his shafts, did first the mules
 command,*

*"See my bed made," it may be Englished. The word is ἀντιόωσαν, which signifies contra stantem, as standing on one side opposite to another on the other side; which yet others translate capessentem et adornantem; which, since it shows best to a reader, I follow.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*And swift hounds: then the Greeks themselves his deadly arrows
shot.*

*The fires of death went never out; nine days his shafts flew hot
About the army; and the tenth, Achilles call'd a Court
Of all the Greeks; heaven's white-arm'd Queen (who, every-
where cut short,*

*Beholding her lov'd Greeks, by death) suggested it; and he
(All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides, now I see
We must be wandering again, flight must be still our stay,
(If flight can save us now) at once, sickness and battle lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some Prophet, Priest, or prove
Some dream-interpreter (for dreams are often sent from Jove)
Why Phoebus is so much incens'd? If unperformed vows
He blames in us, or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bows
To death, may yield his graves no more; but offering all supply
Of savours, burnt from lambs, and goats, avert his fervent eye,
And turn him temperate". Thus, he sate; and then stood up to
them*

*Calchas, surnam'd Thestorides of Augurs the supreme;
He knew things present, past, to come; and rul'd the Equipage
Of th' Argive fleet to Ilion, for his Prophetic rage
Given by Apollo; who, well-seen in th' ill they felt, propos'd
This to Achilles: "Jove's belov'd, would thy charge see dis-
clos'd*

*The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant, and take oath
To my discovery, that with words, and powerful actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth in me; because I well conceive
That he whose Empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give
Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then you know the state
Of him that moves him. When a king hath once mark'd for his hate*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*A man inferior, though that day his wrath seems to digest
Th' offence he takes; yet evermore, he rakes up in his breast
Brands of quick anger; till revenge hath quench'd to his desire
The fire reserved. Tell me, then, if, whatsoever ire
Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour will prevent?"*

Achilles answer'd: "All thou know'st, speak, and be confident;

*For by Apollo, Jove's belov'd (to whom, performing vows,
O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy spirit Prophetic shows
Skills that direct us), not a man, of all these Grecians here,
(I living, and enjoying the light, shot through this flowery sphere)
Shall touch thee with offensive hands; though Agamemnon be
The man in question, that doth boast the mightiest Empery
Of all our army". Then took heart the Prophet unprov'd,
And said: "They are not unpaid vows, nor Hecatombs, that
mov'd*

*The God against us; his offence is for his Priest impair'd
By Agamemnon, that refus'd the present he preferr'd,
And kept his daughter. This is cause, why heaven's Far-darter
darts*

*These plagues amongst us; and this still will empty in our
hearts*

*His deathful quiver, uncontain'd, till to her loved sire
The black-eyed damsel be resign'd; no redemptory hire
Took for her freedom; not a gift; but all the ransom quit;
And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her enfranchis'd feet
Tread Chrysa under; then the God (so pleas'd) perhaps we may
Move to remission". Thus, he sate; and up, the great in sway,
Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing all;
His mind's seat overcast with fumes; an anger general*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Fill'd all his faculties ; his eyes sparkled like kindling fire,
Which sternly cast upon the Priest, thus vented he his ire :*

*“ Prophet of ill ! for never good came from thee towards me
Not to a word's worth ; evermore thou took'st delight to be
Offensive in thy auguries, which thou continuest still ;
Now casting thy prophetic gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from Apollo) is impos'd since I refus'd the price
Of fair Chryseis' liberty, which would in no worth rise
To my rate of herself ; which moves my vows to have her home ;
Past Clytemnestra loving her, that grac'd my nuptial room
With her virginity, and flower. Nor ask her merits less,
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more conducive
That course be, than her holding here. I rather wish the weal
Of my lov'd army than the death. Provide yet, instantly,
Supply for her, that I alone of all our royalty
Lose not my winnings: 'tis not fit, ye see all, I lose mine
Forc'd by another: see as well some other may resign
His prize to me”. To this replied the swift-foot, God-like son
Of Thetis, thus: “ King of us all, in all ambition
Most covetous of all that breathe, why should the great-soul'd
Greeks*

*Supply thy lost prize, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seeks
Our common treasury can find ; so little it doth guard
Of what our raz'd towns yielded us ; of all which, most is
shar'd,*

*And given our soldiers ; which again, to take into our hands
Were ignominious, and base. Now then, since God commands,
Part with thy most-lov'd prize to him ; not any one of us
Exacts it of thee ; yet we all, all loss thou suffer'st thus,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter bestows
The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us, which by his word he owes".*

*"Do not deceive yourself with wit", he answer'd, "God-like
man,
Though your good name may colour it; 'tis not your swift foot
can*

*Outrun me here; nor shall the gloss, set on it with the God,
Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintain in sure abode
Thine own prize, and slight me of mine? Resolve this: if our
friends*

*(As fits in equity my worth) will right me with amends,
So rest it; otherwise, myself will enter personally
On thy prize, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for supply;
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come, we'll order these
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas
Our black sail; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;
And to these I will make ascend my so much envied prize,
Bright-cheek'd Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we must
choose*

*A chief out of our counsellors. Thy service we must use,
Idomeneus; Ajax, thine; or thine, wise Ithacus;
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son of Peleus,
Which fittest were, that thou might'st see these holy acts per-
form'd,
For which thy cunning zeal so pleads; and he, whose bow thus
storm'd*

*For our offences, may be calm'd." Achilles, with a frown,
Thus answer'd: "O thou impudent! of no good but thine own
Ever respectful; but of that, with all craft covetous;
With what heart can a man attempt a service dangerous,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I was not injur'd so
By any Trojan, that my powers should bid them any blows;
In nothing bear they blame of me: Phthia, whose bosom flows
With corn and people, never felt impair of her increase
By their invasion; hills enow, and far-resounding seas,
Pour out their shades, and deeps, between; but thee, thou front-
less man,*

*We follow, and thy triumphs make with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought (thou dog's eyes) of
this Troy*

*By our expos'd lives; whose deserts, thou neither dost employ
With honour nor with care. And now, thou threat'st to force
from me*

*The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks gave all; and though
it be*

*(Compar'd with thy part, then snatch'd up) nothing; nor ever is
At any sack'd town; but of fight (the fetcher in of this)
My hands have most share; in whose toils when I have emptied
me*

Of all my forces, my amends, in liberality

(Though it be little) I accept, and turn pleas'd to my tent;

And yet that little thou esteem'st too great a continent

In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia therefore now

*My course is; since 'tis better far, than here t' endure that thou
Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure
dry,*

*And add dishonour". He replied: "If thy heart serve thee, fly;
Stay not for my cause; others here will aid and honour me;
If not, yet Jove, I know, is sure; that counsellor is he*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*That I depend on. As for thee, of all our Jove-kept kings
Thou still art most my enemy ; strifes, battles, bloody things,
Make thy blood-feasts still. But if strength, that these moods
build upon,*

*Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it, and so 'tis not thine own,
But in his hands still. What then lifts thy pride in this so high?
Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons ; use there their Empery ;
Command not here. I weigh thee not, nor mean to magnify
Thy rough-hewn rages ; but instead, I thus far threaten thee :
Since Phoebus needs will force from me Chryseis, she shall
go ;*

*My ships and friends shall waft her home ; but I will imitate so
His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in person, from thy tent
Bright-cheek'd Briseis ; and so tell thy strength how eminent
My power is, being compar'd with thine ; all other making fear
To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind bear
Their beards against me". Thetis' son at this stood vex'd, his
heart*

*Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his discursive part ;
If, from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should make room
about*

*Atrides' person, slaughtering him ; or sit his anger out,
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts striv'd in his blood and
mind,*

*And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia stoop'd,
and shined*

*About his temples, being sent by th' Ivory-wristed Queen,
Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving been,
And careful for the good of both. She stood behind, and took
Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave her look*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*To him; appearance not a man of all the rest could see.
 He turning back his eye, amaze strook every faculty;
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were,
 Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake: "Thou seed of Jupiter,
 Why comest thou? to behold his pride, that boasts our Empery?
 Then witness with it my revenge, and see that insolence die
 That lives to wrong me". She replied: "I come from heaven to*

see

*Thine anger settled; if thy soul will use her sovereignty
 In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects
 Stand heartily inclin'd to both. Come give us both respects,
 And cease contention; draw no sword; use words, and such as
 may*

*Be bitter to his pride, but just; for, trust in what I say,
 A time shall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,
 He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs; therefore throw
 Reins on thy passions, and serve us". He answer'd: "Though
 my heart*

*Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part,
 And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthbly part for heaven,
 Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish". This said, her charge
 was given*

*Fit honour; in his silver hilt he held his able hand,
 And forc'd his broad sword up; and up to heaven did re-ascend
 Minerva, who, in Jove's high roof, that bears the rough shield,
 took*

*Her place with other deities. She gone, again forsook
 Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine
 His wrath, that this broad language gave: "Thou ever steep'd in
 wine,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Dog's-face, with heart but of a Hart; that nor in th' open eye
Of fight darest thrust into a prease; nor with our noblest lie
In secret ambush: These works seem too full of death for thee;
'Tis safer far, in th' open host to dare an injury
To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king,
Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foul
thing*

*Thou ever author'd'st; yet I vow, and by a great oath swear,
Even by this Sceptre; that, as this never again shall bear
Green leaves, or branches, nor increase with any growth his size;
Nor did, since first it left the hills, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft, with iron; which now to other end
Judges of Greece bear; and their laws, receiv'd from Jove, defend;
(For which my oath to thee is great); so, whensoever need
Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no prayers shall ever breed
Affection in me, to their aid; though well-deserved woes
Afflict thee for them; when to death manslaughtering Hector
throws*

*Whole troops of them; and thou torment'st thy vex'd mind with
conceit*

*Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserv'd the right
Of all thy army". Thus, he threw his sceptre 'gainst the ground,
With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atreides' breast was
drown'd*

*In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood
Of more than honey-sweet discourse; two ages were increas'd
Of divers-languaged men, all born in his time and deceas'd,
In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd, amongst the third-aged men,
He (well-seen in the world) advised, and thus express'd it then:*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*"O Gods, our Greek earth will be drown'd in just tears ;
 rapeful Troy,
Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and joy,
Of these disjunctions ; if of you, that all our host excel
In counsel, and in skill of fight, they hear this. Come, repel
These young men's passions. Y'are not both (put both your years
 in one)
So old as I: I liv'd long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear
My counsels with respect. Mine eyes yet never witness were,
Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them ;
Perithous, Exadius, and god-like Polypheme,
Caeneus, and Dryas, prince of men, Aegean Theseus,
A man like heaven's immortals form'd ; all, all most vigorous,
Of all men that even those days bred ; most vigorous men, and
 fought
With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts (for men in strength
 were nought
Match'd with their forces), fought with them, and bravely fought
 them down.
Yet even with these men I convers'd, being call'd to the renown
Of their societies, by their suits, from Pylos far, to fight
In th' Asian kingdom ; and I fought to a degree of might
That help'd even their mights ; against such, as no man now
 would dare
To meet in conflict ; yet even these, my counsels still would hear,
And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them ;
'Tis better than to wreak your wrath. Atrides ! give not stream
To all thy power, nor force his prize ; but yield her still his own,
As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crown,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*(Great son of Peleus) since no king that ever Jove allow'd
Grace of Sceptre equals him. Suppose thy nerves endow'd
With strength superior, and thy birth, a very goddess gave;
Yet he of force is mightier, since what his own nerves have.
Is amplified with just command of many other. King of men,
Command thou then thyself, and I with my prayers will obtain
Grace of Achilles, to subdue his fury; whose parts are
Worth our entreaty, being chief check to all our ill in war".*

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS

¶ Helen to Hector, of Paris

*Brother (if I may call you so, that had been better born
A dog, than such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and scorn,
A mischief-maker, a man-plague), O would to God the day
That first gave light to me had been a whirlwind in my way,
And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earth's most far-resounding seas; ere I should thus engage
The dear lives of so many friends: yet since the Gods have been
Helpless fore-seers of my plagues, they might have likewise seen
That he they put in yolk with me, to bear out their award,
Had been a man of much more spirit, and, or had noblier dar'd
To shield mine honour with his deed; or with his mind had
known*

*Much better the upbraids of men; that so he might have shown
(More like a man) some sense of grief, for both my shame and his:
But he is senseless, nor conceives, what any manhood is;
Nor now, nor ever after will; and therefore hangs, I fear,
A plague above him. But come near; good brother, rest you here,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Who (of the world of men) stands charg'd, with most unrest for me,
(Vile wretch) and for my Lover's wrong; on whom a destiny
So bitter is impos'd by Jove, that all succeeding times
Will put, to our unended shames, in all men's mouths our crimes.*

¶ Hector to Andromache

*"And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow;
When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be
drown'd.*

*But neither Troy's posterity, so much my soul doth wound,
Priam nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes),
As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping
hence;*

*These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples: out of which thine eyes must never see,
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their Fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring;
Which (howsoever thou abhorr'st) Fate's such a shrewish thing
She will be mistress; whose curs'd hands, when they shall crush
out cries*

*From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies)
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's
wife,*

*A man, that at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army'. This again, will rub thy fruitful wounds,
To miss the man, that to thy bands could give such narrow
bounds.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*But that day shall not wound mine eyes ; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints, and plight."*

*This said, he reach'd to take his son ; who (of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly) he cling'd back to his Nurse, and cried.*

*Laughter affected his great Sire, who doff'd, and laid aside
His fearful Helm, that on the earth, cast round about it, light ;
Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he us'd,
And all the other bench of Gods: "O you that have infus'd
Soul to this Infant, now set down, this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine ; equal his strength in war ;
And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquer'd
field*

*Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds exceed his father's
worth'.*

*And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother, with my life". This said, th' Heroic Sire
Gave him his mother ; whose fair eyes, fresh streams of love's
salt fire*

*Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows compris'd the sum of all he did beseech
In her wish'd comfort. So she took, into her odorous breast,
Her husband's gift ; who (mov'd to see her heart so much op-
press'd)*

*He dried her tears, and thus desir'd: "Afflict me not (dear wife)
With these vain griefs. He doth not live, that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate ; and Fate, whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born, the best must die".*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

¶ Nausicaa

*Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream, her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her lov'd parents, whom she found within.
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;
Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
Her father going abroad, to Council call'd
By his grave Senate; and to him exhal'd
Her smother'd bosom was: * "Lov'd Sire", said she,
"Will you not now command a Coach for me,
Stately and complete? fit for me to bear,
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you have,
Two wed, three bachelors; that must be brave
In every day's shift, that they may go dance;*

* This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefacedness and judgement would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other everywhere strewed flowers of precept; but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most Readers.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*For these three last, with these things must advance
Their states in marriage; and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"*

*This general cause she shew'd, and would not name
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.*

He understood her yet, and thus replied:

*"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all".*

*The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
Fetch'd Coach, and Mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All up in Coach; in which her mother plac'd
A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden Cruse,
Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's use,
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to Coach then goes
Th' observed Maid; takes both the scourge and reins;
And to her side, her handmaid straight attains.
Nor these alone, but other virgins grac'd
The Nuptial Chariot. The whole Bevy plac'd,
Nausicaa scourg'd to make the Coach Mules run,
That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and soon
Both maids and weeds brought to the riverside,
Where Baths for all the year their use supplied,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*Whose waters were so pure, they would not stain,
But still ran fair forth; and did more remain
Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,
Which, by the water's pure store, was not seen.*

*These (here arriv'd) the Mules uncoach'd, and drave
Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from Coach then took
Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
Who should have soonest, and most cleanly done.
When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them on
The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
They bath'd themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner, by the river's side.
Yet still watch'd when the Sun their clothes had dried.
Till which time (having din'd) Nausicaa
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa (with the wrists of Ivory)
The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,
(As custom order'd) and amidst the throng
Made such a shew, and so past all was seen,
As when the Chaste-born, Arrow-loving Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild Boar's chace,
Or swift-boov'd Hart, and with her, Jove's fair race,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*(The field Nymphs) sporting; amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority
(Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might easily judge, whom her pains brought to light:
Nausicaa so (whom never husband tam'd)
Above them all, in all the beauties flam'd.*

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

¶ Ulysses at the Court of Alcinous

*I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies,
For which, my facts as high as heaven resound.
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
All over-shadow'd with the Shake-leaf* hill,
Tree-fam'd Neritus; whose near confines fill
Islands a number, well-inhabited,
That under my observance taste their bread;
Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food†
Zacynthus, likewise grac'd with store of wood.
But Ithaca (though in the seas it lie),
Yet lies she so aloft, she casts her eye
Quite over all the neighbour Continent;
Far Northward situate, and (being lent*

* Εἰροσίφυλλον, quotientem seu agitantem frondes.

† Quaedam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη
appellantur.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

*But little favour of the Morn, and Sun)
With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;
And yet of hardy youths a Nurse of Name.
Nor could I see a Soil, where'er I came,
More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror, by the Deity,
Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.
Circe Aeaea too (that knowing Dame,
Whose veins, the like affections did enflame)
Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
Could I be tempted ; which doth well approve,
Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
And joy of those, from whom we claim our birth.*

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

¶ What Song the Sirens Sang

*Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise ;
That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise ;
Ulysses! stay thy ship ; and that song hear
That none pass'd ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any, ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd ; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA

¶ The end of all the endless works of Homer

*The Work that I was born to do, is done.
Glory to him, that the Conclusion
Makes the beginning of my life; and Never
Let me be said to live, till I live Ever.*

Note. The illustrative passages have been taken from the following: *Ouids Banquet of Sense: A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie* . . . , 1595; *Σκιά Νυκτός: The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes*, 1594; *Hero and Leander*, 1598; *A Relation of the second Voyage to Guiana* [by Lawrence Keymis], 1596; *Euthymiae Raptus; or the Teares of Peace*, 1609; *Petrarchs Seven Penitentiall Psalms . . . with other Philosophicall Poems*, 1612; *Al Fooles, A Comedy*, 1605; *The Gentleman Usher*, 1606; *Monsieur d'Olive: A Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her Maiesties children at the Blacke-Friers*, 1606; *Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie*, 1607 and 1641; *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, A Tragedie*, 1613; *The Conspiracie, And Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France* . . . , 1608 and 1625; *Achilles Shield: Translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his eighteenth booke of Iliades*, 1598; *Homer Prince of Poets . . . in twelue bookes of his Iliads*, [1610]; *The Whole Works of Homer; Prince of Poetts in his Iliads, and Odysseys*, [1616]; *The Crowne of all Homer's Workes: Batrachomyomachia*, [1624]. The spelling has been modernized; and the punctuation has been clarified, but not at the sacrifice of original conventions of rhythmical effect. There will readily be discerned in the selections, in addition to the authority of the Essay to which they are appended, the discrimination of Lamb, of Swinburne, and of A. H. Bullen.

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